

THE
WISDOME
of Solomon
Paraphrased.

Written by Thomas Middleton.

A foue surgit opus.



Printed at London by *Valentine Sews*, dwelling
on Adling hil at the signe of the white
Swanne. 1597.

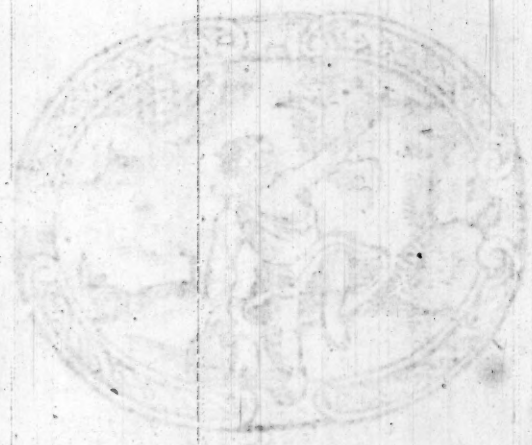
THE
WISDOM

of Solomon

Paraphrased.

Written by Thomas Middleton

A Four Part Opera



Printed in London by Knapton, for J. Swaine, dwelling
over a shop at the North end of the Strand.
Swaine. 1737.



To the right Honourable and my
very good Lord, Robert Deuoreux, Erle
of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lorde
Ferrers of Chartley, Boucher, and Louayne, Maister
of her Maiesties Horse and Ordonance, Knight of the ho-
nourable order of the Garter, and one of her Maiesties
most hon. rable priue Counsell.

The Summers Haruest,
(right Honourable) is
long since reapt, & now
it is sowing time againe:
behold, I haue scattred
a few seedes vpon the yong ground of
vnskilfulnesse, if it beare fruit, my la-
bour is well bestowed, but if it be bar-
ren, I shall haue lesse ioy to set more.
The husbandman obserues the cour-
ses of the Moone, I, the forces of your
fauor: he desireth sun-shine, I, cheere-

The Epistle

full countenance: which once obtayned, my haruest of ioy will soone bee ripened. My feedes, as yet, lodge in the bosome of the earth, like Infantes vpon the lappe of a Fauourite, wanting the budding spring-time of their growth, not knowing the East of their glorie, the west of their quietnesse, the South of their summer, the North of their winter: but if the beames of your aspectes lighten the small moytie of a smaller implanting, I shall haue an euery-day-haruest, a fruition of content, a braunch of felicitie.

*Your Honours addicted in
all obseruance,*

Thomas Middleton.



To the Gentlemen Readers.



Entlemen, I giue you the
surueyaunce of my new-
bought grounde, and will
only stand vnto your ver-
dicts, I feare me, that the
acres of my fieldepasse the anchers of my
seed, if wanting seed, then I hope it wil not
be to much seeded: this is my bare excuse:
but trust me, had my wit been sufficient to
maintaine the freedome of my will, then
both should haue been answerable to your
wishes, yet neuerthelesse thinke of it as a
willing, though not a fulfilling moiety. But
what meane I? while I thus argue, Mo-
mus and Zoilus, those two Rauens de-
uoure my seede, because I lacke a Scarre-
B crow:

To the Reader.

*crowe : indeede so I may haue lesse than
I haue, when such fowle-gutted Ravens
swallowe vp my portion : if you gape for
stuffing, brie you to dead carrion carcases,
and make them your Ordinaries ; I be-
seeche you Gentlemen, let mee haue your
ayde, and as you haue seene the first pra-
ctise of my husbandry in sowing, so let me
haue your helping hands vnto my reaping.*

*Yours deuoted in
friendship.*

Thomas Middleton

The Wisedome of Solomon paraphrased.

CHAP. I

Verse 1



Wisdomes Elixer of the purest life,
Hath taught hir lesson to iudicial views,
To those that iudge a cause & end a strife,
Which sits in Iudgements seat & Iustice
A lesson worthy of diuine care, (vse:
Quintessence of a true diuine leare.

Vnwillig that exordium should retaine,
Her life-infusing speech, doth thus begin,
You (quoth shee) that giue remedy or paine:
Loue Iustice, for iniustice is a sin.

Giue vnto God his due, his reuerent stile;
And rather vse simplicity then guile.

For him, that guides the radiant eie of day,
Sitting in his star-chamber of the Skie,
The Horizons and hemispheres obey,
And windes the fillers of vacuitie:

Much lesse shuld man tempt God, when all obey,
But rather be a guide, and leade the way.

For tempting argues but a sinns attempt,
Temptation is to sin associate;
So doing, thou from God art cleane exempt,
Whose loue is neuer placde, in his loues hate,
He will be found, not of a tempting minde,
But found of those which he doth faithfull finde.

P. B. 59.



- 3 Temptation rather separates from God,
 Converting goodnes from the thing it was,
 Heaping the indignation of his rod,
 To bruse our bodies like a brittle glasse:
 For wicked thoughts haue still a wicked end,
 In making God our foe, which was our friend.

They muster vpr euenge, encamp our hate,
 Vndoing what before they meant to do,
 Stirring vp anger, and vnluckie fate,
 Making the earth their friend, the heauen their foe:
 But when heauens guide makes manifest his power,
 The earth, their frinds, doth them like foes deuoure.

- 4 O foolish men to warre against your blisse,
 O hatefull harts where wisdom neuer raignd,
 O wicked thoughts which euer thought amisse,
 What haue you reapt? what pleasure haue you gaind?
 A fruite in shew, a pleasure to decay,
 This haue you got by keeping follies way.

For wisdomes haruest is with follie nipt,
 And with the winter of your vices frost,
 Her fruite all scattered her implanting ript,
 Her name decayed, her fruition lost:
 Nor can she prosper in a plot of vice,
 Gaining no summers warmth, but winters ice.



The Wisdome of Solomon

CHAP. I

Thou barren earth, where vertues neuer bud,
Thou fruitles wombe, where neuer fruits abide,
And thou drie-withered sap which bears no good,
But the dishonor of thy proud hearts pride:
A seate of al deceit, deceit, deceaude,
Thy blisse, a woe, thy wocof blisse bereaude.

This place of night hath left no place for day,
Here neuer shines the sunne of discipline,
But mischief clad in sable nights array,
Thoughts apparition, cuill Angels signe,
These raigne enhoused with their mother Night,
To cloude the day of clearest wisdomes light.

Oh you that practise to be chiefe in sinne,
Loues hate, hates friend, friends foe, foes follower,
What doe you gaine? what merit do you winne,
To be blaspheming vices practiser?
Your gaine is wisdomes euerlasting hate,
Your merit, grieve, your grieve, your liues debate.

Thou canst not hide thy thoght, god made thy thoght,
Let this thy caucat be for thinking ill,
Thou knowst that Christ thy liuing freedome bought,
To liue on earth according to his will:
God being thy creator, Christ thy blisse,
Why dost thou erre? why dost thou do amisse?

B 2



The wisdom of Solomon

7. Hee is both Iudge and witnesse of thy deeds,
Hee knowes the volume which thy hart containes,
Christ skips thy faults, only thy virtue reades,
Redeeming thee from all thy vices paines:
O happy crowne of mortall mans content,
Sent for our ioye, our ioye in being sent.

Then sham'st thou not to erre, to sin, to stray,
To come to composition with thy vice,
With new-purg'd feete to treade the ouldest way,
Lending new sence vnto thy ould device?
Thy shame might flowe in thy sin-flowing face,
Rather then ebbe to make an ebbe of grace.

8. For hee which rules the Orbe of heauen and earth,
And the ineqall course of euery starre,
Did knowe mans thoughts and secreats at his birth,
Whither enclinde to peace or discords iarre:
He knowes what man will be ere he be man,
And all his deeds in his lifes liuing span.

Then tis ynpossible that earth can hide,
Vnrightheous actions from a righteous God,
For he can see their feete in sin that slide,
And those that lodge in rightheousnesse abode:
Hee will extend his mercy on the good,
His wrath on those in whom no vertues bud.



Many there bee, that after trespasse done,
Will seeke a couert for to hide their shame,
And range about the earth, thinking to shunne,
Gods heauie wrath, and meritorious blame:
They thinking to flye sin, run into sin,
And thinke to end, when they do new begin.

9

God made the earth, the earth denies their sute,
Nor can they harbor in the centres womb, (mute,
God knowes their thoughts, although their tongs be
And heares the sounds from forth their bodies tomb:
Sounds? ah no sounds, but man himselfe hee heares,
Too true a voice of mans most falsest feares,

Oh see destruction houering ore thy head,
Mantling her selfe in wickednes array,
Hoping to make thy body as her bed,
Thy vice her nutriment, thy soule her pray:
Thou hast forsaken him that was thy guide,
And see what followes to asswage thy pride.

10

Thy roaring vices noyse, hath cloyd his eares,
Like foaming waues they haue orewhelmde thy ioy,
Thy murmurings which thy whole body beares
Hath bred thy waile, thy waile, thy lifes annoy,
Vnhappy thoughts to make a soules decay,
Vnhappie soule in suffering thoughts to sway.

B 3



- 11 Then sith the height of mans felicitie,
Is plung'd within the puddle of misdeedes:
And wades amongst discredits infamie,
Blasting the merit of his vertues seedes,
Beware of murmuring, the chiefeft ill,
From whence all sin, all vice, all paines distill.
- O heauie doome proceeding from a tong,
Heauie light tong; tong to thy owne decay,
In vertue weake, in wickednesse too strong,
To mischief prone, from goodnesse gone astray;
Hammer to forge misdeedes, to temper lies,
Selling thy life to death, thy soule to cries.
- 12 Must death needs pay the ransome of thy sin,
With the dead carcasle of descending spirit?
Wilt thou of force be shared in his gin,
And place thy error in destructions merit:
Life seeke not for thy death, death comes vnought,
Buying the life which not long since was bought.

Death and destruction neuer needs a call,
They are attendants on liues pilgrimage,
And life to them is as their playing ball.
Grounded vppon destructions anchorage,
Seeke not for that which vnought will betide,
Nere wants destruction a prouoking guide.



Will you needs act your owne destruction?
Will you needs harbour your owne ouerthrowe?
Or will you cause your owne euerfion?
Beginning with dispaire, ending with woe:
Then die your hartes in tyrannies arraie,
To make acquittance of destructions pay.

What do you meditate but on your death?
What doe you practise but your liuing fall?
Who of you all haue any vertues breath,
But ready armed at a mischiefes call?
God is not pleased at your vices fauour,
But you best pleased when you lose his fauour.

He made not death to be your conqueror,
But you to conquer ouer death and hell.
Nor you to bee destructions seruitor,
Enhoused there where Maiestie should dwell:
God made man to obey at his behest,
And man to be obeyde of eucry beast,

He made not death to be our labours hire,
But we our selues made death through our defart,
Here neuer was the kingdome of hell fire,
Before the brand was kindled in mans hart:
Now man defieth God, all creatures, man,
Vice flourisheth, and vertue lieth wan.



The wisdome of Solomon.

- 15 O fruitfull tree, whose roote is alwaies greene,
 Whose blossomes euer bud, whose fruites encrease,
 Whose toppe celestiaall vertues seat hath been,
 Defended by the soueraintie of peace:
 This tree is righteousness, ô happy tree,
 Immortalized by thine owne decree.

O hatefull plant whose roote is alwaies drie,
 Whose blossomes neuer bud, whose fruites decrease:
 On whom sits the infernall deitie,
 To take possession of so foule a lease;
 This plant is vice, O too vnhappy plant,
 Euer to die, and neuer fill deaths want.

- 16 Accursed in thy growth, dead in thy roote,
 Cancred with sin, shaken with euery winde,
 Whose top dooth nothing differ from the foote,
 Mischiefe the sappe, and wickednesse the rhinde:
 So the yngodly like this withered tree,
 Is slacke in doing good, in ill too free.

Like this their wicked growth, too fast, too slowe,
 Too fast in slouth, too slow in vertues haste,
 They thinke their vice a friend, when tis a foe,
 In good, in wickednes, too slow, too fast:
 And as this tree decays, so do they all,
 Each one copartner of the others fall.

Indeed



Chapter II.

CHAP. 2

verse I

INdeede they doe presage what wil betide,
With the misgiuing verdict of misdeeds,
They knowe a fall will follow after pride,
And in so foule a hart growes manie weeds:
Our life is short, quoth they, no tis too long,
Lengthned with euill thoughts, and euill tong.

A life must needs be short to them that dies,
For life once dead in sin, doth weakely liue:
These die in sin, and maske in deaths disguise,
And neuer thinke, that death new life can giue;
They say, life dead, can neuer liue againe,
O thoughts, o wordes, o deeds, fond, foolish, vaine.

Vilde life, to harbor where such death abodes, (words, 2
Abodes worse then are thoughts, thoughts worse then
Wordes halfe as ill as deeds, deeds sorrowes odes,
Odes ill inchaunters of too ill records;
Thoghts, words, and deeds conoyined in one song,
May caule an Eccho from destructions tong.

Quoth they, tis chaunce whether we liue or die,
Borne, or abortiue, be, or neuer bee,
Wee worship fortune, shee's our deitie,
If she denies, no vitall breath haue wee.
Here are wee placed in this orbe of death,
This breath once gone, we neuer looke for breath.

C



The wisedome of Solomon

- 3 Betweene both life and death, both hope and feare,
 Betweene our ioy and grieve, blisse and dispaire,
 We here possesse the fruite of what is here,
 Borne euer for to die, and die deaths heire:
 Our heritage is death annexde to life,
 Our portion death, our death an endlesse strife,

What is our life but our liues tragedy,
 Extinguished in a momentary time?
 And life to murder life, is cruelty
 Vnriperly withering in a flowrie prime;
 And vrne of ashes pleasing but the shewes,
 Once dry, the toiling spirit wandring goes.

- 4 Like as the traces of appearing clouds,
 Giues way when *Tyran* resalutes the sea,
 With new-changd flames guilding the Oceans fouds,
 Kissing the cabinet where *I hetis* lay:
 So fares our life, when death doth giue the wound,
 Our life is led by death, a captiue bound.

When *Sol* bestrides his golden mountaines toppe,
 Lightning heauens tapors with his liuing fire,
 All gloomye powers haue their diurnall stoppe,
 And neuer gaine the darknes they desire;
 So perisheth our name when wee are dead,
 Our selues nere cald to mind, our deeds nere read,



5

What is the time wee haue? what be our daies?
No time, but shadowe of what time should be,
Daies in the place of houres which neuer staies,
Beguiling sight of that which sight should see;
As soone as the begin they haue their fine,
Nere waxe, still waine, nere stay; but still decline,

Life may be cald the shadowe of effect,
Because the cloude of death doth shadow it,
Nor can our life approaching death reiect,
They both in one for our election sit;
Death followes life in euery degree,
But life to followe death you neuer see.

6

Come we, whose olde decrepit age doth hault,
Like limping winter, in our winter, sin,
Faultie wee know we are, tush, whats a fault?
A shadowed vision of destructions gins;
Our life begun with vice, so let it ende,
It is a seruile labour to amend.

Wee ioyde in sin, and let our ioyes renewe,
We ioyed in vice, and let our ioyes remaine,
To present pleasures future hopes ensue,
And ioy once lost, let vs fetch backe againe;
Although our age can lend no youthfull pace,
Yet let our mindes follow our youthfull race.

B 2



The wisedome of Solomon

- 7 What though olde age lies heauie on our backe,
 Anotomie of an age crooked clime,
 Let minde performe that which our bodies lacke,
 And change olde age into a youthfull time;
 Two heauie things are more then one can beare,
 Blacke may the garments be, the body cleare.

Decaying thinges be needfull of repaire,
 Trees eaten out with years must needs decline,
 Nature in time with foule doth cloude her faire,
 Begirring youthfull daies with ages twine;
 We liue, and while we liue, come let vs ioy,
 To thinke of after life, tis but a toy.

- 8 Wee know God made vs in a liuing forme,
 But wee le vnmake, and make our selues againe;
 Vnmake that which is made, like winters storme,
 Make vnmade things to aggrauate our paine,
 God was our maker, and he made vs good,
 But our descent springs from another blood.

He made vs for to liue, we meane to die,
 He made the heauen our seate, we make the earth,
 Each fashion makes a contrarietie,
 God truest God, man falsest from his birth;
 Quoth they, this earth shal be our chiefeest heauen,
 Our sin the anchor, and our vice the hauen.



Let heauen in earth, and earth in heauen consist,
This earth is heauen, this heauen is earthly heauen:
Repugnant earth, repugnant heauen resist,
We ioy in earth, of other ioyes bereauen;
This is the Paradice of our delight;
Here let vs liue, and die in heauens spght.

9

Here let the monuments of wanton sports
Be seated in a wantonnes disguise;
Closde in the circuit of veneriall forts,
To feed the long staru'd sight of Amours eyes;
Bee this the Chronicle of our content,
How wee did sport on earth, till sport was spent.

But in the glory of the brightest day,
Heauens smoothest browe sometime is furrowed,
And cloudes vsurp the clime in dim array,
Darkning the light which heauen had borrowed,
So in this earthly heauen wee dayly see,
That greife is placed where delight should bee.

10

Here liues the righteous, bane vnto their liues,
O sound from forth the hollow caue of woe,
Here liues age-crooked fathers, widowed wiues;
Poore, and yet rich in fortunes ouerthrowe;
Let them not liue, let vs increase their want,
Make barren their desire, augment their scant,

C 3



- 11 Our lawe is correspondent to our doome,
 Our lawe to doome, is dooming lawes offence,
 Each one agreeth in the others roome,
 To punish that which strives and wants defences;
 This Cedar-like doth make the shrub to bend,
 When shrubs doth waite their force but to contend,

The weakest power is subiect to obey,
 The mushrooms humbly kisse the cedars foote,
 The cedar flourishes when they decay,
 Because her strength is grounded on a roote
 Wee are the cedars, they the mushrooms bee,
 Vnabled shrubs, vnto an abled tree.

- 12 Then sith the weaker giues the stronger place,
 The yong the elder, and the foote the top,
 The low, the high, the hidden powers, the face,
 All beastes, the Lion, euery spring, his stop;
 Let those which practise contrariety,
 Be ioynd to vs with inequality:

They say that we offend, we say they doe,
 Their blame is laid on vs, our blame on them:
 They stricke, and we retort the stricken blowe,
 So in each garment there's a differing hem;
 Wee end with contraries as they begun,
 Vnequall sharing of what either wun.



In this long conflict betweene tongue and tong,
Tongue new begining what one tongue did end,
Made this cold battell hot in eithers wrong,
And kept no pawling limites to contend;
One tongue was eccho to the others sound,
Which breathed accents between mouth & ground.

13 14

Hee which hath vertues armes vppon his shield,
Drawes his descent from an eternall King:
Hee knowes discretion can make follic yeild,
Life conquere death, and vice a captiue bring:
The other tutred by his mother sin,
Respects nor deedes, nor words, but hopes to win.

The first, first essence of immortall life,
Reprooues the hart of thought, the eie of sight,
The eare of hearing ill, the minde of strife,
The mouth of speach, the body of despight;
Hart thinks, eies sees, eares heares, mindes meditate,
Mouth vtters both the foule and bodies hate.

15

But Nature differing in each natures kinde,
Makes differing hartes, each hart, a differing thought,
Some hath shee made to see, some follic blinde,
Some famous, some obscure, some good, some nought.
So these which differeth in each natures reason,
Had natures time, when time was out of season.



- 16 (Quoth they) he doth reprocue our hart of thinking,
 Our eies of sight, our eares of hearing ill,
 Our minds, our hearts in meditation linking,
 Our mouthe in speaking of our bodies will;
 Because hart, sight, and minde do disagree,
 Hee'd make heart, sight, and mind of their decree.

Hee saies, our hart is blinded with our eies,
 Our eies are blinded with our blinded hart,
 Our bodies on both parts defiled lies,
 Our mouthe the trumpets of our vices smart;
 Quoth hee, God is my Father, I his sonne,
 His waies I take, your wicked waies I shun.

- 17 As meditated wrongs are deeper plaste,
 Within the deepe crue of a wronged minde,
 So meditated wordes is neuer past,
 Before their sounds a setled harbour finde;
 The wicked answering to the latter words,
 Begins to speake as much as speech affords.

One tong must answer other tongues replie,
 Beginning boasts, requires an ending fall;
 Wordes liuely spoke, do sometimes wordles dye,
 If not, liue Ecchoes vnto speeches call;
 Let not the shadow smother vp the deed,
 The outward leafe differs from inward seed.

The



The shape and shewe of substance and effect,
Doth shape the substance in the shadowes huc,
And shadowe put in substance, will neglect
The wonted shadowe of not being true:
Let substance followe substance, shewe a shewe,
And let not substance for the shadowe goe.

Hee that could giue such admonition,
Such vaunting wordes, such words confirming vaunts,
As if his tongue had mounted to ambition,
Or clim'd the turrets which vaine-glory haunts:
Now let his father, if he be his sonne,
Vndoe the knot which his prowd boasts haue spun,

Wee are his enemies, his chaine our hands,
Our wordes his fetters, and our hart his caue,
Our sterne embracements are his seruile bands,
Where is the helper nowe which he should haue?
In prison like himselfe, not to be found,
Hee wanteth helpe himselfe to be vnbound.

Then sith thy father beares it patiently,
To suffer torments, griefe, rebuke, and blame,
Tis needfull thou shouldst beare equallity,
To see if meekenesse harbour in thy name,
Help father, for thy sonne in prison lies,
Helpe sonne, or else thy helples father dies.

D



The wisedome of Solomon

verse 20 Thus is the righteous God and righteous man,
 Drownde in obliuion with this vices raigne,
 God wanteth power (say they) of what we can,
 The other would performe that which is vaines
 Both faultie in one fault, and both alike,
 Must haue the stroke which our lawes iudgements
 (strike
 He calls himselfe a sonne, from heauens descent,
 What can earths force aualie gainst heauens defence?
 His life by immortalitie is lent:
 Then how can punishment his wrath incense?
 Though death her selfe in his arraignment decke,
 He hath his lifes preseruer at a becke.

verse. 21 As doth the Basiliske with poysoned sight,
 Blinde euery function of a mortall eye,
 Disarme the bodiës powers of virall might,
 Rob heart of thought, make liuing life to die:
 So doth the wicked with their vices looke,
 Infect the spring of clearest vertues brooke.

This Basiliske mortalities chiefe foe,
 And to the heart long-knitted arteries,
 Doth sometime perish at her shadowes shoue,
 Poysoning her selfe with her owne poysoned eie:
 Needs must the sting fall out with ouer-harming,
 Needs must the toug burne out in ouer-warming.



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 2

Verse. 22

So fares it with the practisers of vice,
Laden with many venomous adders stings,
Sometimes are blinded with their owne deuice,
And tunes that song which their destruction sings;
Their mischeife blindeth their mischeiuous cies,
Like Basiliskes which in their shadow dies.

They goe and yet they cannot see their feete,
Like blinded pilgrimes in an vnknown way,
Blind in perceiuing things which be most meete,
But neede nor sight nor guide to goe astray;
Tel them of good, they cannot vnderstand,
But tell them of a mischeife, that's at hand.

The Basiliske, was made to blind the sight,
The adder tor to sting, the worme to creepe,
The viper to deuoure, the dog to bite,
The nightingale to wake when others sleepe;
Onely man differs from his makers will,
Vndoing what is good, and doing ill.

Ve. 23 24

A god-like face he had, a heauenly hue,
Without corruption, image without spottes,
But now is metamorphosed anewe,
Full of corruption, image full of blottes;
Blotted by him that is the plot of euill,
Vndone, corrupted, vanquish't by the deuill.

D 2



Verse I

BVt euery cloude can not hide *Phæbus* face,
 Nor shut the casement of his liuing flame,
 Nor is there euery soule which wanteth grace,
 Nor euery hart seduced with mischiefs name;
 Life cannot liue without corruption,
 World cannot be without destruction.

Nor is the body all corrupt, or world
 Bent wholie vnto wickednes assault,
 The adder is not alwaies scene vncurld,
 Nor euery soule found guiltie in one fault; (guard,
 Some good, some bad, but those whom vertues
 Heauen is their hauen, comfort their reward.

2 3 Thrice happy habitation of delight,
 Thrice happy step of immortalitie,
 Thrice happy soules to gaine such heauenly sight,
 Springing from heauens perpetuities;
 Oh peacefull place, but oh thrice peacefull soules,
 Whom neither threats, nor strife, nor wars controls

They are not like the wicked, for they liue,
 Nor they, like to the righteous, for they die;
 Each of their liues a differing nature giue,
 One thinks that life endes with mortalitie,
 And that the righteous neuer liue againe,
 But die as subiects to a grieuous paine.



The wisdom of Solomon paraphrased CHAP. 3

What labouring soule refuseth for to sweat,
Knowing his hire, his paiment, his reward?
To suffer winters colde, and summers heate,
Assured of his labours due regard?

The Bee with summers toile will lade her hie,
In winters frost to keepe herselfe alie.

And what diuineſt spirit would not toile,
And suffer many torments, many paines,
This worlds destruction, heauie labourers foile,
When heauen is their hire, heuens ioy their gaines?

Who would not suffer torments for to die,
When deaths reward is immortalitie?

Paine is the entrance to eternall ioy,
Death endeth life, and death beginneth life,
Beginneth happy, endeth in annoy,
Begins immortall peace, ends mortall strife,

Then seeing death and paines bring ioy and heauen,
What need we feare deaths pain when life is giuen?

Say sicknes or infirmities diseale,
(As many harmes hang ouer mortall heades)
Should be his worlds reward, yet heauen hath ease,
A salve to cure, and quiet resting beds,

God maketh in earths world, lament our pleasure.

That in heauens world, delight might be our treasure



Verse 6
Faire may the shadow bee, the substance foule,
After the truth followeth the trust,
The clearest skynne may haue the foulest soule,
The purest golde will sooner take the ruste: (soile,
The brooke though nere to cleare may take some
The hart though nere so strong may take some foile.

Wouldst thou be counted iust? make thy selfe iust,
Oh purifie thy mire-bespotted heart,
For god doth trie thy actions ere he trust,
Thy faith, thy deeds, thy wordes, and what thou art,
He will receiue no mud, for clearest springs,
Nor thy vnrighteous wordes for righteous things.

Verse 7
As God is perfit God, and perfit good,
So hee accepteth none but perfit mindes,
They euer prosper, flourish, liue, and bud;
Like blessed plants, far from destructions winds:
Still bud, nere fade, still flourish, nere decay,
Still rise, nere fall, still spring, nere fade away.

Who would not couet to be such a plant?
Who would not wish to stand in such a ground?
Sith it doth neither fruit nor blessing want,
Nor ought which in this plant might not be found;
They are the righteous which enioye this earth,
The figure of an euer-bearing birth.



The small is alwayes subiect to the great,
The yong to him which is of elder time,
The lowest place vnto the highest seate,
And pale-facde *Phæbe* to bright *Phæbus* clime,
Vice is not gouerner of vertues place,
But blushes for to see so bright a face.

Vertue is chiefe, and vertue will be chiefe,
Chiefe good, and chiefe *Astræa*, Iustice mate,
Both for to punish and to yeeld felicitie,
And haue dominion ouer euery state:
To right the wrongs which wickednes hath done,
Deliuering Nations from life-lasting mone,

Oh you whose causes plungeth in despaire,
Sad facde petitioners with griefes request:
What seeke you? heeres nor Iustice, nor her heire,
But woe and sorrow with deaths dumbe arrest:
Turne vp your woe: blinde eyes vnto the skie,
There sits the Iudge can yeeld you remedie,

Trust in his power, he is the truest God,
True God, true Iudge, true Iustice, and true guide,
All trueth is placed in his trueths abode,
All vertues seated at his vertuous side:
He will regarde your sute, and ease your plaint,
And mollifie your miseries constraint.



10 Then shall you see the Iudges of the earth,
 Summoned with the trumpet of his ire,
 To giue account and reckning from their birth,
 Where worthy or vnworthy of their hire:
 The godly shall receiue their labours triall,
 The wicked shall receiue their ioyes deniall.

They which did sleepe in sinne, and not regarded
 The poore mans fortune, prostrate at their teete,
 Euen as they dealt, so shall they be rewarded,
 When they their toyled soules destruction meet,
 From Iudges they petitioners shall be,
 Yet want the sight which they do sue to see.

11 That labour which is grounded on delight,
 That hope which reason doth enrich with hap,
 That merite which is placde in wisdomes might,
 Secure from mischiefes baite, or follies clap:
 Wits labour, reasons hope, and wisdomes merit,
 All three in one, make one thrice happy spirit.

Why set I happinesse fore mortall eyes,
 Which couets to be drencht in misery?
 Mantling their foolish mindes in follies guise,
 Despising wisdomes perpetuities:
 Sins labour, follies hope, and vices merit,
 These three in one, make a thrice cursed spirit.

Vaine



Vaine hope must needs consist in what is vaine;
All foolish laboures flowes from follies teares,
Vnprofitable workes proceed from paine,
And paine ill labours duest guerdon beares:
Their vanities in one, and one in three,
Make three paines one, and one vncertaintie,

Verse 5

A wicked King, makes a more wicked land,
Heads once infected, soone corrupts the secte,
If the tree falls, the branches cannot stand,
Nor children, bee their parents indiscreet;
The man infects the wife, the wife the childe,
Like birdes, which in one nest bee all defilde.

The field which neuer was ordainde to beare,
Is happier farre, then a still tilled ground,
This sleepes with quietnes in euery year,
The other curst if any tares bee found,
The barren happier then shee that beares,
This brings forth ioye, the other tares and teares.

Verse 6

The Eunuch neuer lay in vices bed,
The barren woman, neuer brought forth sin,
These two in heauens happines are led,
Shee fruite in soule, hee fruite in faith doth win:
O rare and happy man, for euer blest,
O rare and happy woman, heauens guest,

E



Verse 1 Who seekes to reape, before the corne be ripe?
 Who lookes for haruest among winters frost?
 Or who in greife, will followe pleasures pipe?
 What mariner can saile vppon the coast?

That which is done in time, is done in season,
 And things done out of time, is out of reason.

The glorious labour is in doing good,
 In times obseruance, and in natures will,
 Whose fruite is also glorious for our foode,
 If glory may consist in labours skill:
 Whose roote is wisdom, which shal neuer wither,
 But spring, and sprout, and loue, and liue together.

Verse 2 But cuery ground doth not beare blessed plants,
 Nor cuery plant brings foorth expected frute,
 What this same ground may haue, another wants,
 Nor are all causes answered with one sute: (strong,
 That tree whose roote is sound, whose grounding
 May firmly stand when others lie along.

View natures beautie, marke her chaunging hue,
 Shee is not alwaies foule, nor alwaies faire,
 Chaste and vchaste she is, true and vtrue,
 And some springs from her in a lustfull aire,
 And these adulterers be, whose seede shall perish,
 Neuer shall lust and wickednes long florish.



Although the flint be hard, the water soft,
Yet is it molified with lightest drops,
Hard is the water, when the wind's aloft,
Small things in time may vanquish greatest stops:
The longer growes the tree, the greater mosse,
The longer soile remaines, the more the drosse.

The longer that the wicked liues on earth,
The greater is their paine, their sin, their shame;
The greater vices raigne, and vertues dearth,
The greater goodnes lacke, and mischiefes name;
When in their youth no honour they could get,
Olde age could neuer pay so yong a debt,

To place an honour in dishonours place,
Were but to make disparagement of both,
Both enemies they could not brooke the case,
For honor to subuert dishonors growth:
Dishonor will not chaunge for honours roome,
Shee hopes to stay after their bodies doome.

Or liue they long, or die they sodainly,
They haue nor hope, nor comfort of rewarde,
Their hope of comfort is iniquitie,
The barre by which they from their ioyes are bard:
O olde newe end, made to begin newe griefe,
O new beginning, end of old reliefe.



Verse 1



F happines may harbour in content,
 It life in loue, if loue in better life;
 Then vnto many happines is lent,
 And long departed ioy might then be rife:
 Some happy if they liue, some if they dye,
 Happy in life, happy in tragedy.

Content is happines, because content,
 Barrenes and barrennes is vertues grace,
 Bare, because wealth to pouertie is bent,
 Barren, in that it scornes ill fortunes place:
 The barren earth is barren of her tares,
 The barren woman barren of her cares.

Verse 2

The soule of vertue is eternitie,
 All-filling essence of diuine rage,
 And vertues true eternall memory,
 Is barrennes, her soules eternall gage:
 O happy soule that is engaged there,
 And pawnes his life that barren badge to weare.

See how the multitude with humble harts,
 Lies prostrate for to welcome her returne;
 See how they mourne and waile when she departs
 See how they make their teares her trophies vrne:
 Being present they desire her, being gone,
 Their hot desire is turnde to hotter moane.



As euery one hath not one natures mould,
So euery one hath not one natures minde;
Some think that drosse which others take for golde,
Each difference commeth from a differing kinde:
Some do despise what others do imbrace,
Some praise the thing which others do disgrace.

Verse 3

The barren doth embrace their barrenesse,
And holde it as a vertue worthy meede:
The other calles conception happinesse,
And holde it as a vertue worthy deede:
The one is firmly grounded on a rocke,
The other billows game and tempests mocke.

Sometime the nettle groweth with the rose,
The nettle hath a sting, the rose a thorne,
This stings the hand, the other prickes the nose,
Harming that scent which her sweete birth had borne;
Weeds among herbs, herbs among weeds are found
Tares in the mantle of a corny ground.

Verse 4

The nettles growth is fast, the roses slow,
The weeds outgrow the herbs, the tares the corne;
These may be well compared to vices shew,
Which couets for to grow ere it be borne:
As greatest danger doth pursue fast going,
So greatest danger doth ensue fast growing.

E 3



Verse 5 The tallest Cedar hath the greatest winde,
 The highest tree is subiect vnto falles,
 High soaring Eagles soone are stricken blinde,
 The tong must needes be hoarse with many calles:
 The wicked thinking for to touch the skie,
 Are blasted with the fier of heauens cie.

So like ascending and descending aire,
 Both duskie vapours from two humerous cloudes,
 Lies withered the glory of their faire,
 Vnpleasant branches wrencht in follies floudes:
 Vnprofitable fruites like to a weede,
 Made onely to infect, and not to feede.

Verse 6 Made for to make a fast, and not a feast,
 Made rather for infection than for meate,
 Not worthy to be eaten of a beast,
 Thy taste so sower, thy poyson is so great:
 Thou mayst be well compared to a tree,
 Because thy branches are as ill as thee,

Thou hast begot thine owne confusion,
 The witnesses of what thou dost beginne,
 Thy doomers in thy lifes conclusion,
 Which will vnaskt and askt reueale thy sinne:
 Needs must the new hatched birds bewray the nest,
 When they are nursed in a step-dames breast.



But righteousness is of another sex,
Her roote is from an euerlasting seede,
No weake-vnable grounding doth connex,
Her neuer-limited memorialles deed:
She hath no branches for a tempests pray,
No deedes, but scornes to yeeld vnto decay.

She hath no withered fruit, no shew of store,
But perfect essence of a compleate power,
Say that she dies to world, she liues the more,
As who so righteous but doth waite deaths hower?
Who knowes not death to be the way to rest?
And he that neuer dies is neuer blest.

Happy is he that liues, twice he that dies,
Thrice happy he which neither liu'd, nor died,
Which neuer saw the earth with mortall eies,
Which neuer knew what miseries are tried:
Happy is life, twice happy is our death,
But three times thrise he, which had neuer breath,

Some thinkes that pleasure is atchieude by yeares,
Or by maintaining of a wretched life,
When, out alas, it heapeth teares on teares,
Griefe vpon griefe, strife on beginning strife:
Pleasure is weake, if measured by length,
The oldest ages hath the weaker strength.



Verse 9 Three turnings are containde in mortal course,
 Old, meane, and yong; meane, and old brings age,
 The youth hath strength, the meane decaying force,
 The old are weake, yet strong in angers rage:
 Three turnings in one age, strong, weak, & weaker,
 Yet age, nor youth, is youths or ages breaker,

Some sayes that youth is quicke in iudging causes,
 Some sayes that age is witty, graue, and wise:
 I holde of ages side with their applauses,
 Which iudges with their hearts, not with their eyes:
 I say graue wisdom lies in grayest heads,
 And vndefiled liues in ages beds.

Verse 10 God is both graue and old, yet yong and new,
 Graue because aged, aged because yong;
 Long youth may wel be called ages hew,
 And hath no differing sound vpon the tongue:
 God old, because eternities are old,
 Yong, for eternities one motion hold.

Some in their birth, some dies when they are borne,
 Some borne, and some abortiue, yet all die,
 Some in their youth, some in old age forlorne,
 Some, neyther yong nor old, but equally:
 The righteous, when he liueth with the sinner,
 Doth hope for death, his better lifes beginner.

The



The swine delights to wallow in the mire,
The giddy drunkard in excesse of wine,
He may corrupt the purest reasons gire,
And seee turne vertue into vices signe:
 Mischiefe is mire, and may infect that spring,
 Which euery flowe and ebbe of vice doth bring.

Fishes are oft deceiued by the baite,
The baite-deceiuing fish doth fish deceiue;
So righteous are allurde by sins deceit,
And oft inticed into sinners weaue:
 The righteous be as fishes to their gin,
 Beguilde, deceiude, allured into sin.

The fisher hath a baite deceiuing fish,
The fowler hath a net deceiuing fowles, Verse 12
Both wiseth to obtaine their snaring with,
Observing time like night-observing owles:
 The fisher layes his baite, fowler his net,
 He hopes for fish, the other birds to get.

This fisher is the wicked, vice his baite,
This fowler is the sinner, sinne his net,
The simple-righteous fallies in their deceit,
And like a prey, a fish, a fowle beset:
 A baite, a net, obscuring what is good,
 Like fish and fowle tooke vp for vices food,

F



Ver. 13 14 But baits, nor nets, gins, nor beguiling snares,
 Vice, nor the vicious sinner, nor the sin
 Can shut the righteous into prisons cares,
 Or set deceiving baits to mew them in:
 They know their liues deliuerer, heauens God,
 Can breake their baits and snares with iustice rod.

When vice abounds on earth, and earth in vice,
 Then vertue keepes her chamber in the skie,
 To shun the mischiefe which her baits intice,
 Her snares, her nets, her guiles, her companie:
 Asloone as mischeife raignes vpon the earth,
 Heauen calls the righteous to a better birth.

Ver. 15 15 The blinded eies can neuer see the way,
 The blinded heart can neuer see to see,
 The blinded soule doth alwayes go astray,
 All three want sight, in being blinde all three:
 Blinde and yet see, they see and yet are blinde,
 The face hath eies, but eyelesse is the minde.

They see with outward sight Gods heavenly grace,
 His grace, his loue, his mercy on his Saints,
 With outward faced eie, and eied face,
 Their outward body inwarde soule depaintes:
 Of hearts chiefe eye they chiefly are bereft,
 And yet the shadowe of two eyes are left.



Some blinded be in face, and some in soule,
The faces eyes are not incurable,
The other wanteth healing to be whole,
Or seemes to some to be indurable:
Looke in a blinded eie, bright is the glasse,
Though brightnes banished from what it was.

So (quoth the righteous) are these blinded hearts,
The outward glasse is cleare, the substance darke,
Both seeme as if one took the others parts,
Yet both in one haue not one brightnes sparke:
The outwarde eye, is but destructions reader,
Wanting the inwarde eye to be the leader.

Our body may be calde a common-weale,
Our head the chiefe, for reason harbours there,
From thence comes hearts and soules vnited zeale,
All else inferiours be, which stande in feare,
This common-weale rul'd by discretions eye,
Liues likewise if shee liue, dies if shee die.

Verse 17

Then how can weale, or wealth common, or proper,
Long stand, long flowe, long flourish, long remaine,
When wail is weales, & stelh is welth's chiefe stopper?
When sight is gone which neuer comes againe:
The wicked sees the righteous loose their breath,
But knowe not what rewarde they gaine by death.

F 2



Ver. 18 19 Though blinde in sight, yet can they see to harme,
 See to despise, see to deride and mocke,
 But their reuenge lies in Gods mighty arme,
 Scorning to chuse them for his chosen flocke:
 He is the shepheard, godly are his sheepe,
 They wake in ioy, these in destruction sleepe.

The godly sleepe in eies, but wake in hearts,
 The wicked sleepe in hearts, but wake in eies;
 These euer-wake eyes are no sleepe partes,
 These euer sleepe, for sleepe is hearts disguise:
 Their waking eies do see their hearts lament,
 While heart securely sleepest in eyes content.

Verse. 20 If they awake, sleepes image doth molest them,
 And beates into their waking memories,
 If they doe sleepe, ioy-waking doth detest them,
 Yet beates into their sleeping arteries:
 Sleeping or waking they haue feare on feare,
 Waking or sleeping they are ne're the neare.

If waking they remember what they are,
 What sins they haue committed in their waking,
 If sleeping they forget tormentings fare,
 How ready they haue beene in mischiefes making:
 When they awake, their wickednes betrayes them,
 When they do sleepe, destruction dismayes them.





These two slumbers, haue two contraries; Verse 1

One slumber in the face, one in the minde,

So their two casements two varieties,

One vnto heauen, and one to hell combine:

The face is flattery, and her mansion hell,

The minde is iust, this doth in heauen dwell.

The face heauing her heatie eie-lids vp,

From foorth the chamber of eternall night,

Sees vertue holde plenties replenisht cup,

And boldly stands in Gods and heauens sight:

Shee opening the windowes of her brest,

Sees how the wicked rest in their ynest.

Quoth shee, those whom the curtaine of decay, Verse 2 3

Hath tragically summoned to paine,

Were once the cloudes, and clouder of my day,

Deprauers and depriuers of my gaine;

The wicked hearing this descending sound,

Feare stricke their lims to the pale-clothed ground,

Amazed at the freedome of her words,

Their tongue-tide accents droue them to dispaire,

And made them change their mindes to woes records,

And say within themselues, lo what wee are:

We haue had vertue in derisions place,

And made a parable of her disgrace.

F. 3.



Verse 4 See where she sits enthronizde in the skie,
 See, see, her labours crowne vpon her head,
 See how the righteous liue which erst did die,
 From death to life with vertues loadstarre led,
 See thole whome we derided, they are blest,
 They heauens, not hels, we hells, not heauens guest.

We thought the righteous had beene furies sonne,
 With inconsiderate speech, vntayd way,
 We thought that death had his dishonour wonne,
 And would haue made his life destructions pray:
 But we were mad, they iust, we fooles, they wise,
 We shame, they praise, we losse, they haue the prise.

Verse 5 We thought the fools, when we our selues were fooles
 We thought them mad, when we our selues were mad,
 The heate which sprang from them, our follie cooles,
 We find in vs, which we but thought they had:
 We thought their end had beene dishonors pledge,
 They but surueyd the place, we made the hedge.

We see how they are blest, how we are curst,
 How they accepted are, and we refusde,
 And how our bands are tied, their bands are burst,
 Our faults are hourelly blamde, their faults excusde:
 See how heauens gratulate their welcomd sight,
 Which comes to take possession of their right.



But oh, too late we see our wickednesse,
Too late we lie in a repentant tombe,
Too late we smoothe olde haire with happinesse,
Too late we seeke to ease our bodies doome:
Now falshood hath aduauncde her forged banner,
Too late wee seeme to verifie truths manner.

The sunne of righteousness which should haue shinde,
And made our hearts the cabines of his East,
Is now made cloudy night through vices winde,
And lodgeth with his downfall in the west:
That summers day which shuld haue bin nights bar
Is now made winter in her icie carre.

Too much our feet haue gone, but neuer right,
Much labour we haue tooke, but none in good,
We wearied our selues with our delight,
Endangering our selues to please our moode:
Our feete did labour much, twas for our pleasure,
We wearied our selues, twas for our leasure.

In sinnes perfection was our labour spent,
In wickednes preferment we did haste,
To suffer perills wee were al content,
For the aduancement of our vices past:
Throgh many dangerous waies our feet haue gone,
But yet the way of God we haue not knowne.



Verse 8 9 Wee which haue made our harts a sea of pride;
 With huge risse billowes of a swelling minde,
 With tossing tumults of a flowing tide,
 Leauing our laden bodyes plungd behind;
 What trafficke haue we got? our selues are drown'd,
 Our foules in hell, our bodies in the ground.

Where are our riches now? like vs consumde,
 Where is our pompe? decaide, wher's glory? dead;
 Where is the wealth of which wee all presumde?
 where is our profit? gone, our selues? missed:
 All these are like to shadowes what they were,
 There is nor wealth, nor pompe, nor glory here.

Verse 10 The diall giues a caueat of the houre,
 Thou canst not see it go, yet it is gone,
 Like this the diall of thy fortunes power,
 Which fades by stealth till thou art left alone.
 Thy eies may well perceiue thy goods are spent,
 Yet can they not perceiue which way they went.

Lo, eu'ne as ships sailing on *Tethis* lap,
 Plowes vp the turrowes of hard groundd waues,
 Enforced for to go by *Eoles* clap,
 Making with sharpest reeme the water graues:
 The ship once past, the trace cannot be found,
 Although shee digged in the waters ground.

Or



Or as an Eagle with her soaring wings,
Scorning the dusty carpet of the earth,
Exempt from all her clogging gesses, flings
Up to the ayre, to shew her mounting birth:
And every flight doth take a higher pitch,
To haue the golden sunne her wings enrich.

Yet none can see the passage of her flight,
But onely heare her houerling in the skie,
Beating the light winde with her being light,
Or parting through the ayre where she might flie:
The eare may heare, the eye can neuer see,
What course she takes, or where she meanes to bee.

Or as an arrowe which is made to goe,
Through the transparent and coole-blowing ayre,
Feeding vpon the forces of the bowe,
Else forcelesse lies in waiting her repaire:
Like as the branches when the tree is lopt,
Wanteth the forces which they forcelesse cropt,

The arrow being fed with strongest shot,
Doth part the lowest elementall breath,
Yet neuer separates the soft ayres knot,
Nor neuer woundes the still-foote windes to death:
It doth scioyne and ioyne the ayre together,
Yet none there is can tell, or where, or whither.



Verse 13 So are our liues, now they beginne, now end,
 Now liue, now die, now borne, now fit for graue,
 As soone as we haue breath, so soone we spend,
 Not hauing that which our content would haue
 As ships, as birds, as arrowes, all as one,
 Euen so the traces of our liues are gone.

A thing not seene to go, yet going seene,
 And yet not shewing any signe to go;
 Euen thus the shadowes of our liues haue beene,
 Which shewes to fade, and yet no vertues shew:
 How can a thing consumde with vice be good?
 Or how can falshood beare true vertues foode?

Verse 14 Vaine hope to thinke that wickednes hath bearing,
 When she is drowned in obliuions sea,
 Yet can she not forget presumptions wearing,
 Nor yet the badge of vanities decay;
 Her fruites are cares, her cares are vanities,
 Two, both in one destructions lieries.

Vaine hope is like a vane turnde with each winde,
 Tis like a smoake scattred with euery storme,
 Like dust, sometime before, sometime behinde,
 Like a thin some made in the vainest forme:
 This hope is like to them which neuer stay,
 But comes, and goes againe, all in one day.



View Natures gifts, some gifts are rich, some poore, *Verse 15*
 Some barren grounds there are, some clothd with fruit,
 Nor hath all nothing, nor hath all her store,
 Nor can all creatures speake, nor are all mute:
 All die by nature, being borne by nature,
 So all change feature, being borne with feature. M

This life is hers, this dead, dead is her power,
 Her bounds begins, and ends in mortall state,
 Whom she on earth accounteth as her flower,
 May be in heauen condemnde of mortall hate:
 But he whom yertue iudges for to liue,
 The Lord his life and due reward will giue.

The seruant of a king, may be a king, *Verse 16*
 And he that was a king, a seruile slaue
 Swans before death a tuncerall dirge do sing,
 And waues their wings agen all fortunes waue.
 He that is lowest in this lowly earth,
 May be the highest in celestiaall birth:

The rich may be vniust, in being rich,
 For riches do corrupt and not correct,
 The poore may come to highest honours pitch,
 And haue heauens crowne for mortall lifes respect:
 Gods hands shall couer them from al their foes,
 Gods arme defend them from misfortunes blowes:



Verses 17 His hand eternitie, his arme, his force,
 18 19 20 His armour zelousie, his breast-plate heauen,
 His helmet iudgement, iustice, and remorce,
 His shield is victories immortall steuen:
 The world his challenge, and his wrath his sword,
 Mischiefe his foe, his ayde his gospels word.

His arme doth ouerthrowe his enimie,
 His breast-plate sinne, his helmet death and hell,
 His shield prepaide against mortallitie,
 His sword gainst them which in the world do dwell:
 So shall vice, sinne, and death, world and the deuill,
 Be slaine by him which slayeth euerie cuill.

Verse 21 All heauen shall be in armes against earths world,
 The sunne shall dart foorth fire commixt with bloud,
 The blazing starres from heauen shall be hurle,
 The pale-facde moone against the Ocean floud:
 Then shall the thundring chambers of the skie,
 Be lightned with the blaze of *Titans* eie.

The cloudes shall then be bent like bended bowes,
 To shoote the thundring arrowes of the ayre,
 Thicke haile and stones shall fall on heauens foes,
 And *Tethis* ouerflowe in her despayre:
 The moone shall ouer-fill her horny hood,
 With *Neptunes* Oceans over-flowing flood.



The winde shall be no longer kept in cages,
But burst the iron cages of the clouds?
And *Æole* shall resigne his office staues,
Suffering the windes to combate with the flouds:
So shall the earth with seas be paled in,
As erst it hath beene ouerflowde with sin.

Thus shall the earth weepe for her wicked sonnes;
And curse the concaue of her tyred wombe,
Into whose hollowe mouth the water runnes,
Making wet wildernes her driest tombes;
Thus, thus, iniquitie hath raignd so long,
That earth on earth is punisht for her wrong:

G 3



Verse 1 2

After this conflict betweene God and man,
 Remorce tooke harbour in Gods angry breast,
Astrea to be pitifull began,
 All heauenly powers to lie in mercies rest:
 Forthwith the voice of God did redescend,
 And his *Astrea* warnde all to amend.

To you I speake, (quoth shee) heare, learne, and marke,
 You that be Kings, Iudges, and Potentates,
 Giue ere, (I say,) wisdome your strongest arke,
 Sends me as messenger, to end debates:
 Giue care, (I say) you Iudges of the earth,
 Wisdome is borne, seeke out for wisdomes birth.

Verse 3

This heauenly ambassage from wisdomes tong,
 Worthy the volume of all heuens skie,
 I bring as messenger to right your wrong,
 If so her sacred name might neuer die:
 I bring you happy tidings, she is borne,
 Like golden sunne-beames from a siluer morne,

The Lord hath seated you in iudgements seat,
 Let wisdome place you in discretions places,
 Two vertues, one, will make one vertue great,
 And drawe more vertues with attractiue faces:
 Be iust and wise, for God is iust and wise,
 He thoughts, he words, he words, and actions tries.



The wisdom of Solomon paraphrased CHAP. 5

If you neglect your offices decrees,
Heape new lament on long-tost miseries,
Doe and vndoe by reason of degrees,
And drowne your sentences in briberies:
Fauour and punish, spare and keepe in awe,
Set and vnset, plant and supplant the lawe.

Oh bee assur'd there is a Iudge aboue,
Which will not let iniustice flourish long,
If tempt him, you, your owne temptation moue,
Proceeding from the iudgement of his tong:
Hard iudgement shal he haue which iudgeth hard,
And he that barreth others shal be bar'd.

For God hath no respect of rich from poore,
For he hath made the poore, and made the rich,
Their bodies be alike, though their mindes soare,
Their difference nought, but in presumptions pitch:
The carcasse of a King is kept from soule,
The Begger yet may haue the cleaner soule.

The highest men do beare the highest mindes,
The cedars skorne to bowe, the mushrooms bend,
The hiest often superstition blindes,
But yet their fall is greatest in the end:
The windes haue not such power of the grasse,
Because it lowly stoopeth whenas they passe.



Verse 7 8 The olde should teach the yong obseruance way,
 But now the yong doth teach the elder graces
 The shrubs doe teach the Cedars to obay,
 These yeelde to winds, but these the winds out-face:
 Yet he that made the windes to cease and blowe,
 Can make the highest fall, the lowest growe.

He made the great to stoop as well as small,
 The lions to obay as other beasts,
 He cares for all alike, yet cares for all,
 And lookes that all should answere his becheasts:
 But yet the greater hath the forer triall,
 If once he findes them with his lawes deniall.

Verse 9 Be warnde you tyrants at the fall of pride,
 You see how surges chaunge to quiet calmes;
 You see both flowe and ebbe in follies tide,
 How fingers are infected by their palme:
 This may your caucat be, you being kinges,
 Infect your subiects, which are lesser things.

Ill sents of vice once crept into the head,
 Doth pearce into the chamber of the braine,
 Making the outward skin diseases bed,
 The inward powers as nourishers of paine:
 So it that mischeife raignes in wisedomes place,
 The inyard thought lies figured in the face.



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 6

Verse 10

Wisdome should clothe her selfe in Kings attire,
Being the portrature of heauens Queene,
But tyrantes are no Kings, but milchietes mire,
Not sage, but shewes of what they should haue beene:
They seeke for vice, and how to go amis,
But doe not once regard what wisdom is.

They which are Kings, by name are Kings by deed,
Both rulers of them selues and of their land,
They know that heau'n is vertues duest meed,
And holines is knit in holy band:
These may be rightly called by their name, (flame)
whose words and works are blaz'd in wisdomes

To nurse vp crueltie with milde aspect,
Were to begin, but neuer for to end,
Kindenes with tygers neuer takes effect,
Nor proffered frendship with a foe-like friend:
Tyrants and tygers haue all naturall mothers,
Tyrants her sonnes, tygers the tyrants brothers.

Verse 11

No words delight can moue delight in them,
But rather plow the traces of their ire,
Like swine that take the durt before the gem,
And skorns that pearle which they should most desire:
But Kings whose names proceed frō kindnes sound,
Do plant their harts & thoughts on wildōs ground.

H



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 12 13 A grounding euer moist, and netter dry,
 An euer fruitfull earth, no fruitlesse way,
 In whose deare wombe the tender springs do lye,
 which euer flowes, and neuer ebbes away;
 The sunne but shines by day, she day and night,
 Doth keepe one stayed essence of her light.

Her beams are conducts to her substance view,
 Her eye is adamants attractiue force,
 A shadowe hath shee none, but substance true,
 Substance out liuing life of mortall corse:
 Her sight is easie vnto them which loue her,
 Her finding easie vnto them which proue her,

Ver. 14 The far fet chastitie of female sex,
 Is nothing but allurement into lust,
 Which will forswear and take, scorne and annex,
 Denie and practise it, mistrust, and trust:
 Wisdom is chaste and of another kinde,
 She loues, she likes, and yet not lustfull blinde.

She is true loue, the other loue a toy,
 Her loue hath eyes, the other loue is blinde,
 This doth proceed from God, this from a boy,
 This constant is, the other vaine combinde:
 If longing passions follow her desire,
 She offereth her selfe, as labours hire



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 6

Verse. 15

She is not coyish shee, won by delay,
With sighs and passions, which all louers vse,
With hot affection, death, or lifes decay,
With louers toyes, which might their loues excuse:
Wisedome is poore, her dowrie is content,
Shee nothing hath because shee nothing spent.

She is not woo'd to loue, nor won by wooing,
Nor got by labour, nor posselt by paine,
The gaine of her consists in honest doing,
Her gaine is great, in that she hath no gaine:
He that betimes followes repentance way,
Shall meet with her his vertues worthy pay.

To think vpon her, is to think of blisse,
The very thought of her is mischiefes barre,
Depeller of misdeeds which do amisse,
The blot of vanitie, misfortunes scarre:
Who wold not think, to reap such gain by thought?
Who would not loue, when such a life is bought?

Verse 16

If thought be vnderstanding, what is shee?
The full perfection of a perfect power,
A heauenly branch from Gods immortall tree,
Which death, nor hell, nor mischief can deuoure:
Her selfe is wisedome, and her thought is so,
Thrice happie he which doth desire to know.

H 2



verse 17 Shee manlike woes, men womenlike refuses,
 She offers loue, they offered loue denie,
 And hould her promises as loues abuses,
 Because she pleads with an indifferent eye:
 They thinke that she is light, vaine and vniust,
 When she doth plead for loue, and not for lust.

Hard hearted men (quoth shee) can you not loue,
 Behold my substance, cannot substance please,
 Behold my feature; cannot feature moue?
 Can substance, nor my feature, helpe or ease?
 See heauens ioy, defigured in my face,
 Can neither heauen, nor ioy, turne you to grace?

ver. 18 19 Oh how desire swayes her pleading tong,
 Her tongue, her heart, her heart, her soules affection?
 Faine would she make mortalitie be strong,
 But mortall weaknes yeelds reiection:
 Her care is care of them, they carelesse are,
 Her loue loues them: they neither loue nor care.

Faine would shee make them clients in her lawe,
 Whose laws assurance is immortall honour,
 But them, nor words, nor loue, nor care can awe,
 But still will fight vnder destructions bonner.
 Though immortalitie be their reward,
 Yet neither words, nor deeds will they regard.



Her tongue is hoarse with pleading, yet doth plead,
Pleading for that which they should all desire,
Their appetite is heauie made of lead,
And lead can neuer melt without a fire:

Verse 20

Her words are milde and cannot raise a heat,
Whilst they with hard repulse her speeches bear.

Requested they; for what they should request,
Intreated they; for what they should intreat,
Requested to enioye their quiet rest,
Intreated like a sullen bird to eate:

Their eies behold ioyes-maker which doth make it,
Yet must they be intreated for to take it.

You whose delight is plac'd in honours game,
Whose game, in maiesties imperiall throne,
Maïesticke portratures of earthly fame,
Relecuers of the poore in ages mone:

Verse 21

If your content be seated on a crowne,
Loue wisdom, and your state shall neuer downe.

Her crownes are not as earthly diadems,
But diapafans of eternall rest,
Her essence comes not from terrestriall stems,
But planted on the heauens immortall brest:

If you delight in scepters and in raïning,
Delight in her your crownes immortall gaining.

H 3.



Verse 22

Although the shadowes of her glorious view,
 Hath beene as accessary to your eyes,
 Now will I shew you the true substance hiew,
 And what she is, which without knowledg lies: A
 From whence she is deriude, whence her discent,
 And whence the linage of her birth is lent.

Now will I shew the skie, and not the cloude,
 The sunne, and not the shade, day, not the night,
Tethis her selfe, not *Tethis* in her flood,
 Light, and not shadow of suppressing light:
 Wisedome her selfe true tipe of wisdomes grace,
 Shall be apparant before heart and face.

Verse 23

Had I still fed you with the shade of life,
 And hid the sunne it selfe in enuies aire,
 My selfe might well be called natures strife,
 Striuing to cloude that which all cloudes impaire:
 But Enuy, haste thee hence, I loathe thy cie,
 Thy loue, thy life, thy selfe, thy company.

Here is the banner of discretions name,
 Aduaunst on wisdomes euer-standing tower,
 Here is no place for enuie or her shame,
 For *Nemesis*, or blacke *Mageraes* power:
 He that is enuious, is not wisdomes frend,
 She euer liues, he dies when enuies end.



Happy, thrice happy land, where wisdom raignes,
 Happy, thrice happy king, whom wisdom swayes,
 Where neuer poore laments, or soules complaines,
 Where follie neuer keeps discretions wayes:
 That land, that king doth flourish, liue and ioy,
 Farre from ill fortunes reach, or sins annoy.

That land is happy, that king fortunate,
 She in her dayes, he in his wisdomes force,
 For fortitude is wisdomes sociate:
 And wisdom truest fortitudes remorce:
 Be therefore rulde by wisdom, she is chiefe,
 That you may rule in ioy, and not in griefe.



Verse 1



What am I? man, oh what is man? oh nought,
 What am I? nought, yes, what? sin & debate,
 Three vices all in one, of one life bought,
 Man am I not, what then? I am mans hate:
 Yes man I am, man, because mortall, dead,
 Mortallitie my guide, by mischief led.

Man, because like to man, man, because borne,
 In birth no man, a child, child, because weake,
 Weake, because weakned by ill fortunes scorne,
 Scorn'd, because mortall, mortall, in wrongs reake:
 My father like my selfe did liue on earth,
 I like my selfe, and him, folow his birth.

Verse 2

My mothers matrice was my bodies maker,
 There had I this same shape of infamies,
 Shape, ah no shape, but substance mischiefes taker,
 In ten months fashion; months, ah miseries,
 The shame of shape, the very shape of shame,
 Calamitie my selfe lament my name.

I was conceiude with seede, deceiude with sin,
 Deceiude, because my seede was sins deceit,
 My seede deceit, because it closde me in,
 Hemd me about, for sins and mischiefes baite:
 The seede of man did bring me into blood,
 And now I bring my selfe, in what? no good.



Verse 3

When I was borne, when I was, then I was,
Borne? when? yet borne I was, but now I beare,
Beare mine owne vices, which my ioyes surpasse,
Beare mine owne burden full of mischeries teare:
When I was borne, I did not beare lament,
But now vnborne, I beare what birth hath spent;

When I was borne, my breath was borne to mee,
The common aire which aires my bodies forme,
Then fell I on the earth with feeble knee,
Lamenting for my lifes ill fortunes storme:
Making my selfe the index of my woe,
Commencing what I could, ere I could goe.

Verse 4 5

Fed was I with lament as well as meat,
My milke was sweet, but teares did make it sower,
Meat and lament, milke and my teares I eat,
As bitter herbs commixt with sweetest flower:
Care was my swadling clothes as well as cloth,
For I was swadled, and clothed in both.

Why do I make my selfe more then I am?
Why say I, I am nourished with cares,
When euery one is clothed with the same,
Sith as I fare my selfe, another fares?
No King had any other birth then I,
But waild his fortune with a watry eye.

I



Verse 6 Say what is mirth, an entrance vnto woe,
 Say what is woe, an entrance vnto mirth,
 That which begins with ioy doth not end so,
 These go by chaunge, because a changing birth:
 Our birth is as our death, both barren, bare,
 Our entrance waile, our going out with care,

Naked we came, into the world as naked,
 Wee had nor wealth nor riches to possesse,
 Now differ we, which difference riches maked,
 Yet in the end we naked nerethesse:
 As our beginning is, so is our end,
 Naked and poore, which needs no wealth to spend.

Verse 7 Thus weighing in the ballance of my minde,
 My state, all states, my birth, all births alike,
 My meditated passions could not finde,
 One freed thought which sorrow did not strike:
 But knowing euery ill is curde by prater,
 My minde besought the Lord my griefes allaier.

Wherefore I prayde, my praier tooke effect,
 And my effect was good, my good was gaine,
 My gaine was sacred wisedomes bright aspect,
 And her aspect in my respect did raigne:
 Wisedome that heau'nly spirit of content,
 Was vnto me from heau'n by praier sent.



A present far more worthy then a crowne,
Because the crowne of an eternall rest,
A present far more worthie then a throne,
Because the throne of heau'n, which makes vs blest:
The crowne of blisse, the throne of God is shee,
Compared vnto heau'n, not earth to thee.

Verse 8

Her foot-stoole is thy face, her face thy shame,
Thy shame her liuing praise, her praise thy scorne,
Thy scorne her loue, her loue thy merits blame,
Thy blame her worth, her worth thy being borne:
Thy selfe art drosse to her comparison,
Thy valour weake vnto her garison.

To liken gold vnto her radiant face,
Were likening day to night, and night to day,
The Kings high seat, to the low subiects place,
And heau'ns translucent breast, to earthly way:
For what is golde? her scorne, her scorne? her ire,
Melting that drosse, with nought but angers fire.

Verse 9

In her respect tis dust, in her aspects
Earth, in respect of her tis little grauell,
As dust, as earth, as grauell she reiects,
The hope, the gaine, the sight, the price, the trauell:
Siluer, because inferiour to the other
Is clay, which two she in one looke doth smother.



Verse 10 Her sight I called health, her selfe my beautie,
 Health as my life, and beautie as my light,
 Each in performance of the others dutie,
 This curing griefe, this leading me aright:
 Two soueraigne eies, belonging to two places,
 This guides the soule, and this the body graces.

The heart sicke soule, is cur'd by heart-strong health,
 The heart-strong health, is the soules brightest eye,
 The heart-sick body heal'd by beauties wealth,
 Two sunnie windolets of eithers skie,
 Whose beames cannot be clouded by reproach,
 Nor yet dismounted from so bright a coach.

Verse 11 What dowrie could I wish more then I haue?
 What wealth, what honour, more then I possesse?
 My soules request is mine, which I did craue,
 For sole redresse in soule, I haue redresse:
 The bodyly expences which I spend,
 Is lent by her, which my delight doth lend.

Then I may call her author of my good,
 Sith good and goods are portions for my loue,
 I loue her well, who would not loue his food,
 His ioyes maintainer, which all woes remouet
 I richest am, because I doe possesse her,
 I strongest am, in that none can oppresse her.



It made me glad to thinke that I was rich,
More gladder for to thinke that I was strong,
For lowest mindes do couet highest pitch,
As highest braues proceed from lowest tongue:
Her first arrivall first did make me glad,
Yet ignorant at first, first made me sad.

Verse 12

Ioyfull I was, because I sawe her power,
Wofull I was, because I knew her not,
Glad that her face was in mine eyes lockt bower,
Sad that my senses neuer drew her plot:
I knew not that she was discretions mother,
Though I profest my selfe to be her brother.

Like a rash wooer feeding on the lookes,
Disgesting beauty apparitions show,
Viewing the painted out-side of the bookes,
And inward workes little regards to know:
So I, feeding my fancies with her sight,
Forgot to make inquirie of her might.

Verse 13

Externall powers I knew, riches I had,
Internall powers I scarcely had discerned,
Vntainedly I learned to be glad,
Faining I hated, veritie I learned:
I was not enuious, learned to forsake her,
But I was louing, learned for to take her.



Verse 14 And had I not, my treasure had bin lost,
 My losse, my perills bazard had proclaimde,
 My perill had my lifes destruction tost,
 My lifes destruction at my soule had aimed:
 Great perills hazarded from one poore losse,
 As greatest filth doth come with smallest drosse.

This righteous treasure whose rightly vscth,
 Shall be an heire in heau'ns eternitie,
 All earthly fruites her heretage excuseth,
 All happinesse in her felicitie:
 The loue of God consists in her embracing,
 The gifts of knowledge in her wisdomes placing.

Verse 15 I speake as I am prompted by my mind,
 My soules chiefe agent, pleader of my cause,
 I speake these things, and what I speake I finde,
 By heau'ns iudgement, not mine owne applause:
 God he is iudge, I next, because I haue her,
 God he doth know, I next, because I craue her.

Should I direct, and God subuert my tongue,
 I worthy were of an vnworthy name,
 Vnworthy of my right, not of my wrong,
 Vnworthy of my praise, not of my shame:
 But seeing God directs my tongue from missing,
 I rather looke for clapping than for hissing.



He is the prompter of my tongue and me,
My tongue doth vtter what his tongue applies,
He sets before my sight what I should see,
He breathes into my heart his verities:
He telles me what I thinke, or see, or heare,
His tongue a part, my tongue a part doth beare,

Our wordes he knowes, in telling of our hearts,
Our hearts he knowes in telling of our words,
All in his hands, words, wisdom, workes, and arts,
And euery power which influence affords:
He knowes what we will speake, what we will doe,
And how our mindes and actions will goe.

The wisdom which I haue, is heauens gift,
The knowledge which I haue, is Gods reward,
Both presents my fore-warned senses lift,
And of my preservation had regard:
This teaches me to know, this to be wise,
Knowledge is wits, and wit is knowledge guise.

Now know I, how the world was first created,
How euery motion of the aire was framed,
How man was made, the diuels pride abated,
How times beginning, midst, and end was named:
now know I time, times chāge, times date, times sho
And when the seasons come, and when they goe.



Ver. 19 20 I know the chaunging courses of the yeares,
 And the diuision of all differing climes,
 The situation of the stars and spheres,
 The flowing tides, and the flow-ebbing times:
 I know that euery yeare hath his foure courses,
 I know that euery course hath seuerall forces,

I know that nature is in euery thing,
 Beasts furious, winds rough, men wicked are, (sing,
 whose thoughts their scourge, whose deeds their iugmets
 Whose words and works their perill, and their care,
 I know that euery plant hath difference,
 I know that euery roote hath influence.

Verse 21 True knowledge haue I got in knowing truth,
 True wisdom purchased in wisest wit,
 A knowledge fitting age, wit fitting youth,
 Which makes me yong, though olde with gaine of it;
 True knowledge haue I, and true wisdomes store,
 True hap, true hope, what wish, what wold I more?

Known things I needs must know, sith not vknown,
 My care is knowledge, she doth heare for me,
 All secrets know I more because not showne,
 My wisdom secret is, and her I see; (causes
 Knowledge hath taught me how to heare knowne
 Wisdom hath taught me secreties applauses.



Knowledge and wisdom knowne in wisest things, *Ver. 22. 23*
 Is reasons mate, discretions centinell,
 More then a trine of ioyes, from vertues springs,
 More then one vnion, yet in vnion dwell,
 One for to guide the spring, somner the other,
 One haruests nurse, the other winters mother.

Foure mounts, and foure high mounters, all foure one,
 One holy vnion, one begotten life,
 One manifolde affection, yet alone,
 All one in peaces rest, all none in strife:
 Sure, stable, without care, hauing all power,
 Not hurtfull, doing good, (as one all foure.)

This peacefull army of foure knitted soules, *Verse 24*
 Is marching vnto peaces endles warre,
 Their weapons are discretions written roules,
 Their quarrell, loue, and amitie their iarre:
 Wiledome directoris, captaine, and guide,
 All other take their places, side by side.

Wisedome deuides the conflict of her peace,
 Into foure squadrons, of foure mutuall loues,
 Each bent to war, and neuer means to cease,
 Her wings of shot her disputation moues:
 Shee warres vnscene, and pacifies vnscene,
 Shee is wars victory, yet peaces Queene.

K



Verse 25 Shee is the martiall trumpet of alarmes,
 And yet the quiet rest in peaces night,
 Shee guideth martiall troupes, she honours armes;
 Yet ioyns she fight with peace, and peace with fight:
 Shee is the breath of Gods and heauens power,
 Yet peaces nurse, in being peaces flower.

A flowing in of that which ebberh out,
 An ebbing out of that which floweth in,
 Presumption she doth hate, in being stout,
 Humilitie though poore her fauours win:
 Shee is the influence of heauens flow,
 No filth doth follow her, where ere shee goe,

Verse 26 Shee is that spring, which neuer hath an ebbe,
 That siluer-coloured brooke, which hath no mud,
 That loome, which weaues, and neuer cuts the webbe,
 That tree which growes, and neuer leaues to bud:
 Shee constant is, vnconstancie her foe,
 Shee doth not flow and ebbe, nor come and goe.

Phæbus doth weepe, when warric cloudes approach,
 Shee keeps her brightnes euerlastingly,
Phæbe, when *Phæbus* shines forsakes nights coach,
 Hir day is night and day immortally:
 The vndefiled mirrour of renowne,
 The image of Gods power, her vertues crowne.



Discretion, knowledge, wit, and reasons skill,
All foure are places in one only grace,
They wisdom are, obedient to her will,
All foure are one, one in all foures place:
And wisdom being one, she can do all,
Sith one hath foure, all subiect to one call.

Her selfe remaining selfe, the world renewes,
Renewing ages with perpetuall youth,
Entring into the soules, which death pursues,
Making the Gods friends, which were friends to truth:
If wisdom doth not harbour in thy minde,
God loues thee not, and that thy soule shall finde,

For how canst thou be lead without thy light,
How can thy eyes soule direct her way,
If wanting her, which guides thy steps aright,
Thy steps from night into a path of day?
More beautifull then is the eye of heau'n,
Guiding her selfe with her selfe-changing steu'n.

The stars are twinkling handmaides to the moone,
Both moone and stars, handmaides to wisdomes sunne,
These shine at middest night, this at mid-noone,
Each new begins their light, when each hath done:
Pale-mantled night, followes red-mantled day,
Vice followes both, but to her owne decay.



Verse 1.



Ho is the Emperesse of the worlds confine,
The Monarchesse of the foure cornerd earth,
The Princesse of the seas, life without fine,
Commixer of delight with sorowes mirth:

What soueraigne is shee which euer raignes,
Which Queene-like gouerns al, yet none cōstrains?

Wisedome, o flie my spirit with that word,
Wisedome, o lodge my spirit in that name,
Fly soule vnto the mansion of her lord,
Although thy wings be singed in her flame:
Tell her my blacknes doth admire her beautie,
He marie her in loue, serue her in dutie.

Verse 2.

If marry hee, God is my father God,
Christ is my brother, Angels are my kin,
The earth my dowrie, heauen my aboad,
My rule the world, my life without my sin:
Shee is the daughter of immortall loue,
My wise in heart, in thought, in soule, in loue.

Happy for euer hee that thought in hart,
Happy for euer he that heart in thought,
Happy the soule of both which beares both part,
Happy that loue which thoght, hart, soule, hath fought,
The name of loue is happiest, for I loue her, (her.
Soule, heart, and thoughts, loues agents are to proue



Ye parents that would haue your children rulde,
Here may they be instructed, rulde and taught:
Ye children that would haue your parents schoolde,
Feeding their wanton thirst with follies draught;
See here the schoole of discipline erected,
See here how yong and old are both corrected.

Children, this is the Mistris of your blisse,
Your schoolemistris reformer of your liues,
Parents, you that do speake, thinke, do amisse,
Heres she, which loues, and lifes direction giues:
She teacheth that which God knowes to be true,
She chuseth that, which God would chuse for you.

What is our birth? poore, naked, needy, cold,
What is our life? poore as our birth hath beene:
What is our age? forlorne in being old:
What is our end? as our beginnings scene:
Our birth, our life, our age, our end is poore,
what birth, what life, what age, what end hath more

Made rich it is with vanities vaine show,
If wanting wisdom it is follies game,
Or like a bended, or vn bended bow,
Ill fortunes scoffe it is, good fortunes shame:
If wisdom be the riches of thy minde,
Then can thy fortune see, not seeing blinde.

K 3



The wisdom of Solomon

Verse 5 6 Then if good fortune doth begin thy state,
 Ill fortune cannot end what she begins,
 Thy fate at first will still remaine thy fate,
 Thy conduct vnto ioyes, not vnto sins:
 If thou the bridegroome art, wisdom the bride,
 Ill fortune cannot swimme against thy tide.

Thou marrying her, dost marry more than she,
 Thy portion is not faculties, but blisse,
 Thou needst not teaching, for she teacheth thee,
 Nor no reformer she thy mistress is,
 The lesson which she giues thee for thy learning,
 Is euery vertues loue, and sins deseruing.

Verse 7 Dost thou desire experience for to know?
 Why how can she be lesse than what she is?
 The growth of knowlege doth from wisdom grow,
 The growth of wisdom is in knowing this:
 Wisdom can tell all things, what things are past,
 What done, what vndone, what are doing last.

Nay more, what things are come, what are to come,
 Or words, or works, or shews, or actions,
 In her braines table-booke she hath the summe,
 And knowes darke sentences solutions:
 She knowes what signes and wonders will ensue,
 And when successe of seasons will be new.



Who would not be a bridegroom? who not wed? *Ver. 8*
 Who would not haue a bride so wise, so faire?
 Who would not lie in such a peacefull bed?
 Whose canopy is heau'n, whose shade the aire:
 How can it be that any of the skies
 Can there be missing, where heau'ns kingdom lies?

If care-sicke, I am comforted with ioy,
 If surfering on ioy, she bids me care,
 Shee sayes that ouermuch will soone annoy,
 Too much of ioy, too much of sorrowes fare:
 She alwayes counsels me to keepe a meane,
 And not with ioy too fat, with grieffe too leane,

Faine would the shrub growe by the highest tree, *Verse 9*
 Faine would the mushrome kisse the cedars barke:
 Faine would the seely worne a sporting be,
 Faine would the sparrow imitate the latke:
 Though I a tender shrub, a mushrome be,
 Yet couet I the honour of a tree.

And may I not? may not the blossoms bud?
 Doth not the little seed make eares of corne?
 Doth not a sprig (in time) beare greatest wood?
 Doth not yong eu'nings make an elder morne?
 For wisdomes sake, I know, though I be yong,
 I shall haue praises from my elders tongue.



Verse 10 And as my growth doth rise, so shall my wit,
 And as my wit doth rise, so shall my growth,
 In wit I growe, both growths grow to be fit,
 Both fitting in one growth, be fittest both:
 Experience followes age, and nature youth,
 Some aged be in wit, though yong in ruth.

The wisdome which I haue, springs from aboue,
 The wisdome from aboue, is that I haue,
 Her I adore, I reuerence, I loue,
 Shee's my pure soule, lockt in my bodys graue:
 The iudgement which I vse, from her proceedes,
 Which makes me maruell'd at in all my deedes.

Verse 11 Although mute silence tie my iudgements tongue,
 Sad secretarie of dumbe action,
 Yet shall they giue me place though I be yong,
 And stay my leisures satisfaction:
 Euen as a iudge which keeps his iudgements mute,
 When clients haue no answer of their sute,

But if the closure of my mouth vnmeetes,
 And diues within the freedome of my words,
 They like petitioners tongues welcome greetes,
 And with attentiu eare heares my accords:
 But if my words into no limites goe,
 Their speech shall ebbe, mine in their ebbing flow.



And what of this vaine world, vaine hope vaine show Verse 12
Vaine glory leated in a shade of praise,
Mortalities descent, and follies flow,
The badge of vanity, the houre of daies,
What glory is it for to be a King,
When care is crowne, and crown is fortunes sling?

Wisedome is immortalities alline,
And immortalitie is wisedomes gaine,
By her the heauens lineage is mine,
By her I immortalitie obtaine,
The earth is made immortall in my name,
The heau'ns are made immortall in my fame.

Two spacious orbes of two as spacious climes, Verse 13 14
Shall be the heritage which I possesse,
My rule in heau'n, directing earthly times,
My raigne in earth, commencing earths redresse,
One king made two, one crowne a double crowne,
One rule two rules, one fame a twice renowne.

What heauen is this, which every thought containes,
Wisedome my heau'n, my heau'n is wisedoms heau'n,
What earth is this, wherein my bodie raines?
Wisedome my earth, all rule from wisedome giu'n:
Through her I rule, through her I do subdue,
Through hir I raigne, through hir my empire grew.

L



Verse 15 A rule, not tyrannie, a raigne, not blood,
 An empire, not a slaughter house of liues,
 A crowne, not crueltie in furies moode,
 A Scepter which restores, and not depriues:
 All made to make a peace and not a warre,
 By wisdom concords Queene, and discords barre.

The coldest worde oft cooles the hottest threat,
 The tyrants menaces, the calmes of peace,
 Two coldes augmenteth one, two heates one heat,
 And makes both too extreame, when both encrease:
 My peacefull raigne shall conquer tyrants force,
 Not armes, but wordes, not battaile, but remorse,

Verse 16 Yet mightie shall I be though warre in peace,
 Strong though abilitie hath left his clime,
 And good, because my warres and battails cease,
 Or at the least lie smothered in their prime:
 The sence once digged vp with feates amaze,
 Doth rage vntam'd with follies senceles gaze.

If wisdom doth not harbour in delight,
 It breakes the outward passage of the minde,
 Therefore I place my war in wisdomes might,
 Whose heauie labours easie harbours finde:
 Her company is pleasure, mirth, and ioy,
 Not bitterness, not mourning, not annoy,



When every thought was ballanced by weight, Ver. 17. 18.
 Within the concave of my bodies scale,
 My heart and soule did holde the ballance streight,
 To see what thoght was ioy, what thoght was waile:
 But when I saw that griefe did weigh down plesure,
 I put in wisedome to augment her treasure.

Wisedome the weight of immortallitie,
 Wisedome the ballance of all happinesse,
 Wisedome the weigher of felicitie,
 Wisedome the Paragon of blessednesse:
 When in her hands there lies such plenties store,
 Needs must her heart haue twice as much and more.

Her hart haue I conioyned with hir hand, Ver. 19. 20
 Her hand hath she conioyned with my hart,
 Two soules, one soule, two hearts, one bodyes band,
 And two hands made of foure, by amours art:
 Was I not wise in chusing earthly life?
 Nay wise, thrice wise, in chusing such a wife?

Was I not good? good; then the sooner bad,
 Bad, because earth is full of wickednes,
 Because my body is with vices clad,
 Anotomy of my sins heauines:
 As doth vnseemely clothes make the skin foule,
 So the sin-inked body blots the soule.



Verse 21 Thus lay my hart plung'd in destructions mire,
 Thus lay my soule bespotted with my sin,
 Thus lay my selfe consum'd in my desire,
 Thus lay all parts ensnared in one gin:
 At last my hart mounting about the mud,
 Lay betweene hope and death, mischief, and good.

Thus panting ignorant to liue or die,
 To rise or fall, to stand or else to sinke,
 I cast a fainting looke vnto the skie,
 And sawe the thought, which my poore hart did thinke
 Wisdome my thought at whole teene sight I prai'd,
 And with my hart, my minde, my soule, I said.





God of Fathers, Lord of heau'n and earth;
Mercies true soueraigne, pitties portraiture,
King of all kings, a birth surpassing birth,
A life immortall, essence euer pure:

Which with a breath ascending from thy thought,
Hast made the heau'ns of earth, the earth of nought.

Thou which hast made mortalitie for man,
Beginning life to make an end of woe,
Ending in him, what in himselfe began,
His earths dominion, through thy wisdomes flow:
Made for to rule according to desert,
And execute reuenge with vpright heart.

Behold a crowne, but yet a crowne of care,
Behold a scepter, yet a sorrowes guile,
More than the ballance of my head can beare,
More than my hands can hold wherein it lies:
My crowne doth want supportance for to beare,
My scepter wanteth empire for to weare,

Verse 4

A leglesse body is my kingdomes mappe,
Limping in follie, halting in distresse,
Giue me thy wisdom (Lord) my better happe,
Which may my follie cure, my griefe redresse:
O let me not fall in obliuions caue,
Let wisdom be my baile, for her I craue.

L 3



Verse 5 Behold thy seruant pleading for his hire,
 As an apprentice to thy gospels word,
 Behold his poore estate, his hot-cold fire,
 His weake-strong limmes, his inery woes record:
 Borne of a woman, woman-like in woe,
 They weake, they feeble are, and I am so.

My time of life is as an houre of day,
 Tis as a day of months, a month of yeeres,
 It neuer comes againe, but fades away,
 As one morne sunne about the hemispheres:
 Little my memory, lesser my time,
 But least of all my vnderstandings prime.

Verse 6 Say that my memory should neuer die,
 Say that my time should neuer loose a glide,
 Say that my selfe had earthly Maiestie,
 Seated in all the glory of my pride:
 Yet if discretion did not rule my minde,
 My raigne would be like fortunes, follie-blinde,

My memory, a pathway to my shame,
 My time, the looking-glasse of my disgrace,
 My selfe, resemblance of my scorned name,
 My pride, the puffed shadow of my face:
 Thus should I be remembred, not regarded,
 Thus should my labours end, but not rewarded!



What were it to be shadow of a king?
 A vanitie: to weare a shadow'd crowne?
 A vanitie: to loue an outward thing?
 A vanitie: vaine shadowes of renowne:
 This King is king of shades, because a shade,
 A king in shew, though not in action made.

His shape haue I, his cognisance I weare,
 A smoaky vapour hemd with vanitie,
 Himselfe I am, his kingdomes crowne I beare,
 Vnlesse that wisdome change my liuerie:
 A king I am, God hath inflamed me,
 And lesser than I am I can not be.

When I commaund, the people do obay,
 Submissiue subiects to my votiu wil,
 A prince I am, and do what princes may,
 Decree, commaund, rule, iudge, performe, fulfill;
 Yet I my selfe am subiect vnto God,
 As are all others to my iudgements rod.

As doe my subiect honour my command,
 So I at his commaund a subiect am,
 I build a temple on mount Sions sand,
 Erect an altar in thy citties name:
 Resemblances these are, where thou doost dwell,
 Made when thou framedst heau'n, earth and hell.



Verse 9 Al these three casements were containd in wit,
 Twas wisdom for to frame the heauens skie,
 Twas wisdom for to make the earth so fit,
 And hell within the lowest orbe to lie:
 To make a heau'nly clime, an earthly course,
 And hell, although the name of it be worse.

Before the world was made wisdom was borne,
 Borne of heau'ns God, conceiued in his breast,
 Which knew what works would be, what ages worn,
 What labours life should haue, what quiet rest:
 What shuld displease and please, in vice, in good,
 What should be clearest spring, what fowlest mud.

Verse 10 Oh make my sinfull bodies world anew,
 Erect new elements, new aires, new skies,
 The time I haue is fraile, the course vnttrue,
 The globe vnconstant, like ill fortunes eies:
 First make the world, which doth my soule contain,
 And next my wisdom, in whose power I raigne.

Illumine earth, with wisdomes heau'nly light,
 Make her embassador to grace the earth,
 Oh let her rest by day, and lodge by night,
 Within the closure of my bodies hearth:
 That in her sacred selfe I may perceiue,
 What things are good to take, what ill to leaue.



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 9

Verse 11

The bodies heate will flow into the face,
The outward index of an outward deede,
The inward sins do keepe an inward place,
Eies, face, mouth, tongue & euery function feede:
She is my face, if I do any ill,
I see my shame in her repugnant will.

She is my glasse, my ripe, my forme, my mappe,
The figure of my deede, shape of my thought,
My lifes character, fortune to my happe,
Which vnderstandeth all that heart hath wrought:
What workes I take in hand, she finisheth,
And all my vicious thoughts diminisheth.

My facts are written in her foreheads booke,
The volume of my thoughts, lines of my words,
The sins I haue she murders with a looke,
And what one cheek denies, th'other affords:
As white and red like battels, and retreates,
One doth defend the blowes, the other beates.

Verse 12

So is her furious moode commixt with smile,
Her rod is profit, her correction mirth:
She makes me keepe an acceptable stile,
And gouerne euery limit of the earth:
Through her the state of monarchie is knowne,
Through her I rule, and guide my fathers throne.

M



Verse 13 Mortallitie it selfe without repaire,
 Is euer falling feeble on the ground,
 Submissiue body, hart about the aire, (found:
 Which faine would knowe, when knowledge is not
 Faine would it soare about the Eagles cie,
 Though it be made of lead, and cannot flie.

The soule and body are the wings of man,
 The soule should mount, but that lies drown'd in sin,
 With leaden spirit, but doth what it can,
 Yet scarcely can it rise when it is in:
 Then how can man so weake, know God so strong?
 What hart from thought, what thought from heart
 (hath sprung?

Ver. 14 15 We thinke that euery iudgement is alike,
 That euery purpote hath one finall end,
 Our thoughts (alas) are feares, feares horrors strike,
 Horrors our lifes vncertaine course do spend:
 Feare followes negligence, both death, and hel,
 Vnconstant are the paths wherein we dwell,

The hollow concaue of our bodie vaultes,
 Once laden vp with sins eternal graues,
 Strait bursts into the soule the slime of faults,
 And ouerfloweth like a sea of waues:
 The earth as neighbour to our priuy thought,
 keeps fast the mansion which our cares haue bought



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 3

Verse 16

Say, can wee see our selues? are we so wise?
Or, can we iudge our owne with our owne hearts?
Alas we cannot; folly blindes our eies,
Mischiete our mindes, with her mischieuous arts:
Folly raigns there, where wisdom shuld beare sway.
And follies mischiese barres discretions way.

O weake capacitie of strongest wit,
O strong capacitie of weaker sence,
To guide, to meditate, vnapt, vnfit,
Blinde in perceiuing earths circumflence:
If labour doth consist in mortall skill,
Tis g. eater labour to know heauens will.

The toyling spirit of a labouring man,
Is tost in casualties of fortunes seas,
He thinkes it greater labour than he can,
To runne his mortall course without an ease:
Then who can gaine or finde celestiall things,
Vnlesse their hopes a greater labour brings?

Verse 17

What volume of thy mind can then containe, (makes,
thoghts, words, & works, which god thinks, speaks, &
When heau'n it selfe cannot such honour gaine,
Nor Angells know the counsell which God takes:
Yet if thy heart be wisdomes mansion,
Thy soule shall gaine thy hearts made mention.

M 2



verse 18 Who can in one dayes space make two dayes toile?
 Or who in two dayes space will spend but one?
 The one doth keepe his meane in ouerbroyle,
 The other vnder meane, because alone:
 Say, what is man without his spirit swayes him?
 Say, what's the spirit if the man decayes him?

An ill reformed breath, a life, a hell,
 A going out worse than a coming in,
 For wisdom is the bodies centinell,
 Set to guard life which else would fall in sin:
 Shee doth correct and loue, swayes, and preserues,
 Teaches, and fauours, rules, and yet obserues.





Correction followes loue, loue followes hate, Ver. 1

For loue in hate, is hate in too much loue,

So chastisement is preseruations mate,

Instructing and preseruing those we prooue:

So wisdom first corrects, then fauoureth,

But fortune fauours first, then wauereth.

First, the first father of this earthly world,

First man, first father cal'd for after time,

Vnfashioned and like a heape was hurld;

Form'd and reform'd, by wisdom out of slime,

By nature ill reform'd, by wisdom purer,

Shee mortall life, she better lifes procurer.

Alas what was he? but a clod of clay,

What euer was he? but an ashtie caske,

By wisdom clothed in his best array,

If better may bee best, to choose a taske:

One gaue him time to liue, she power to raigne,

Making two powers one, one power twaine.

Verse 2-3

But o malignant ill boading wickednes,

Like bursting gulfes orewhelming vertues seed,

Too furious wrath forsaking happines,

Loosing ten thousand ioyes, with one dire deede:

Cain could see, but follie strucke him blinde,

To kill his brother in a raging minde.

M 3



Verse 4 Oh too vnhappy stroke to end two liues,
 Vnhappy actor in deaths tragedy,
 Murdring a brother, whose name murder giues,
 Whole slaying action, slaughters butcherie:
 A weeping part had earth in that same play,
 For she did weepe herselfe to death that day.

Water distill'd from millions of her eyes,
 Vpon the long-dried carcasle of her time,
 Her watrie conduites were the weeping skies,
 Which made her wombe an ouerflowing clime:
 Wisedome preferu'd it, which preserues all good,
 And taught it how to make an arke of wood.

Ver. 5 Oh that one borde should saue so many liues,
 Vpon the worlds huge billow-tossing sea,
 Twas not the borde, twas wisedome which suruiues,
 Wisedome that arke, that boord, that fence, that bay:
 The world was made a water-rowling waue,
 But wisedome better hopes assurance gaue.

And when pale malice did aduance her flagge,
 Vpon the raging standard of despight,
 Fiends soueraigne, sins mistr's, and hells hagge,
 Dunne *Plutoes* Lady, empresse of the night:
 Wisedome from whom immortall ioy begun,
 Preferu'd the righteous, as her faultlesse sonne.



The wicked perished, but they suruiu'd,
The wicked were ensnar'd, they were preseru'd,
One kept in ioy, the one of ioy depriu'd,
One feeding, fed, the other feeding, steru'd,
The foode which wisdom giues, is nourishment,
The foode which malice giues, is languishment.

One feeds; the other feeds, but choking feedes,
Two contraries in meat, two differing meats,
This brings forth hate, and this repentance feedes:
This war, this peace, this battails, this retreats:
And that example may be truely tride,
These liu'd in Sodom's fire, the other dide.

The land will beare me witnes they are dead,
Which for their sakes beare nothing else but death,
The witnes of it selfe with vices fed,
A smoaky testimony of sins breath:
This is my witnes, my certificate,
And this is my sinne weeping sociate,

My pen will scarce holde inke to write these woes,
These woes, the blotted inkie lines of sin,
My paper wringles at my sorrowes stowes,
And like that land will bring no haruest in:
Had *Lots* vnfaithfull wife beene without fault,
My fresh-inkt pen had neuer calld her salt.



Verse 8

But now my quill the tel-tale of all moanes,
 Is sauory bent to aggrauate salt teares,
 And wets my paper with salt-water groanes,
 Making me stick in agonising seares:
 My paper now is growne to billowes might,
 Sometimes I stay my pen, sometimes I write.

O foolish pilate I, blind-harted guide,
 Can I not see the clifts, but rent my barke,
 Must I needs hoist vp sailes gainst winde and tide,
 And leaue my soule behinde my wisdomes arke,
 Well may I be the glasse of my disgrace,
 And set my sin in other sinners place.

Ver. 9

10 But why despaire I? heere comes wisdomes grace,
 Whose hope doth lead me vnto better hap,
 Whose presence doth direct my fore-run race,
 Because I serue her as my beauties map:
 Like *Cain* I shall be restored to heau'n,
 From shipwracks perill to a quiet hau'n.

When that by *Cains* hand *Abel* was slaine,
 His brother *Abel*, brother to his ire,
 Then *Cain* fled, to fly destructions paine,
 Gods heauie wrath, against his blouds desire:
 But being fetcht againe by wisdomes power,
 Had pardon for his deed, loue for his lower.



By his repentance he remission had,
And relaxation from the clogge of sin;
His painefull labour, labours riches made,
His labouring paine, did pleasures profit win:
Twas wisdom, wisdom made him to repent,
And newly plac'd him in his olde content.

Ver. 11

His body which was once destructions caue,
Blacke murders teritorie, mischietes house,
By her, these wicked sins were made his slaue,
And she become his bride, his wife, his spoule:
Enriching him which was too rich before,
Too rich in vice, in happynes too poore.

Magera which did rule within his breast,
And kept foule *Lernas* fen within his minde,
Both now displease him, which once please him best,
Now murdring murder with his being kinde:
These which were once his friends are now his foes,
Whose practise he retorts with wisdomes blowes.

Ver. 12

Yet still lie they in ambush for his soule,
But he more wiser keeps a wiser way,
They see him; and they barke, snarle, grin, and houle;
But wisdom guides his steps he cannot stray:
By whom he cōquers, and through whom he knows
The feare of God is stronger then his foes.

N



Ver. 13 14 When man was clad in vices livery,
 And solde as bondman vnto sins commaund,
 Shee shee, forooke him not for intamic,
 But free'd him from his harts imprisoned bands:
 And when he lay in dungeon of despight,
 Shee interlinde his griefe with her delight.

Though seruile shee with him; shee was content,
 The prison was her lodge, as wel as his,
 Till she the scepter of the world had lent,
 To glad his fortune, to augment his blisse,
 To punish false accusers of true deeds,
 And raise in him immortall glories seeds.

Ver. 15 Say, shall wee call her wisdom by her name,
 Or new inuent a nominating stile,
 Reciting ancient worth to make new fame,
 Or new-old hierarchie from honours file:
 Say, shall file out fame for vertues store,
 And giue a name not thought, nor heard before?

Then should wee make her two, where now but one;
 Then should we make her common to each tongue,
 Wisdom shall be her name, shee wise alone,
 If alter olde for new, we do olde wrong,
 Call her still wisdom, mistris of our soules,
 Our liues deliuerer from our foes controules.



To make that better which is best of all,
Were to disarme the title of the power,
And thinke to make a raise, and make a fall,
Turne best to worst, a day vnto an houre,
To giue two sundry names vnto one thing,
Makes it more commoner in Echoes sling.

She guides mans soule, let her be calld a Queene,
Shee enters into man, call hir a sprite,
Shee makes them godly, which haue neuer beene
Call her her selfe, the image of her might: (tong)
Thole which for vertue plead, she prompts their
Whose sute no tyrant, nor no King can wrong.

Shee stands as barre betweene their mouth and them, Ver. 17
She prompts their thoghts, their thoghts prompts spee
Their tongues reward is honours diadem, (ches sound
Their labours hire with duest merit crown'd:
Shee is as iudge and witnes of each heart,
Condemning falshood, taking vertues part.

A shadow in the day, star in the night,
A shadow for to shade them from the sunne,
A star in darkenes for to giue them light,
A shade in day, a star when day is done:
Keeping both courses true, in being true,
A shade, a starre, to shade and lighten you.



Ver. 18. 19 And had she not, the furies hot burning fire,
 Had scorcht the inward pallace of your powers,
 Your hot affection coulde your hot desire,
 Two heats once met make coole distilling showers,
 So likewise had not wisdom beene your star,
 You had beene prisoner vnto *Phibes* car.

Shee made the red-sea subiect to your craues,
 The surges, calmes, the billowes, smoothest wayes,
 Shee made rough winds sleepe silent in their caues,
 And *Aole* watch, whom all the winds obayes:
 Their foes pursuing them, with death and doome,
 Did make the sea their church, the waues their tome

Ver. 20 21 They furrowed vp a graue to lie therein,
 Burying themselves with their owne handie deed,
 Sin dig'd a pit it selfe to bury sin,
 Seede plowed vp the ground, to scatter seed:
 The righteous, seeing this same sodaine fall,
 Did praise the Lord, and ceas'd vpon them all,

A glorious prise, though from inglorious hands,
 A worthy spoile, though from vnworthy hearts,
 Toilt with the Oceans rage vppon the sands,
 Victorious gaine, gained by wisdomes arts:
 Which makes the dumbe to speak, the blind to see,
 The deafe to heare, the babes haue grauitie,





What he could haue a hart, what hart a thought *Ver. 1 2 3*

What thoght a tong, what tong a shew of fear

Hauiug his ship balanst with such a fraught

Which calms the euer-weeping oceans tears:

Which prospers euery enterprile of warre,

And leades their fortune by good fortunes starre,

A Pilate on the seas, guide on the land,

Through vncouth desolate vntroden way,

Through wildernes of woe, which in woes stand,

Pitching their tents where desolation lay:

In iust reuenge incountring with their foes,

Annexing wrath to wrath, and blowes to blowes.

But when the heate of ouermuch alarmes,

Had made their bodies subiect vnto thurst,

And broyld their hearts in wraths-allaying harmes,

With fiery surges which from body burst:

That time had made the totall summe of life,

Had not affection stroue to end the strife.

Verse 4

Wisedome affectionating power of zeale,

Did coole the passion of tormenting heate,

With water from a rocke which did reucale,

Her deare deare loue, placde in affections seate:

She was their mother twice, she nursd them twice,

Mingling their heat with cold, their fire with icel

N 3



The wisdom of Solomon

Verse 5 From whence receiue they life, from a dead stone?
 From whence receiue they speech, from a mute rock?
 As if all pleasure did proceed from mone,
 Or all discretion from a senselesse blocke:
 For what was each but silent, dead, and mute?
 As if a thorny thistle should beare fruit.

Tis strange how that should cure, which erst did kill,
 Giue life, in whome destruction is enshrind,
 Alas the stone is dead, and hath no skil,
 Wisdome gaue life and loue, twas wisdomes minde:
 Shee made the store, which poysoned her foes,
 Giue life, giue cure, giue remedy to those.

Ver. 6 7 Blood-quaffing *Mars*, which wast his selfe in gore;
 Raignde in her foes thirst-slaughter-drinking hearts,
 Their heads the bloody store-house of bloods store,
 Their minds made bloody streames disburst in parts:
 What was it else but butchery and hate?
 To przie yong infants bloud at murders rate:

But let them surffet on their bloody cup,
 Carowing to their owne destructions health,
 We drinke the siluer-streamed water vp,
 Which vnexpected flow'd from wisdomes wealth:
 Declaring by the thirst of our dry soules;
 How all our foes did twimme in murders boules.



What greater ill than famine? or what ill
Can be compared to the fire of thirst?
One be as both, for both the body kill,
And first brings torments in tormenting first:
Famine is death it selfe, and thirst no less,
If bread and water doe not yeelde redresse.

Yet this affliction is but vertues triall,
Proceeding from the mercy of Gods ire,
To see if it can finde his truths deniall,
His iudgements breach, attempts contempts desire:
But oh, the wicked sleeping in misdeede,
Had death on whom they fed, on whom they feede.

Adiudge, condemnd, and punish in one breath,
Arraigne, tormented, torture in one lawe,
Adiudge like captiues with destructions wreathe,
Arraigne like theeues before the barre of awe:
Condemnd, tormented, torture, punished,
Like captiues bold, theeues vnastonished.

Say God did suffer famine for to raigne,
And thirst to rule amongst the choicest hart,
Yet father-like he easde them of their paine,
And prou'd them, how they could endure a smart:
But as a righteous King condemnd the others,
As wicked sonnes vnto as wicked mothers.



The wisdom of Solomon

Verse 10 For where the diuel raignes, there sure is hell,
 Because the tabernacle of his name,
 His mansion-house, the place where he doth dwell,
 The cole-blacke visage of his nigrum fame:
 So if the wicked liue vpon the earth,
 Earth is their hell, from good to worser birth,

If present, they are present to their teares,
 If absent, they are present to their woes,
 Like as the snail which shewes all that she beares,
 Making her backe the mountaine of her shoes:
 Present to their death, not absent to their care,
 Their punishment alike where ere they are.

Verse 11 Why say they mournd, lamented, greeued, and wailde,
 And fed lament with care, care with lament?
 Say, how can sorrow be with sorrow bailde,
 When teares consumeth that which smiles hath lent?
 This makes a double prison, double chaine,
 A double mourning, and a double paine.

Captiuitie hoping for freedomes hap,
 At length doth pay the ransome of her hope,
 Yet frees her thought from any clogging clap,
 Though backe be almost burst with yrons cope:
 So they indurde the more, because they knew,
 That neuer till the spring the flowers grew.



And that by patience commeth hearts delight,
Long-sought for blisse, Long far set happines,
Content they were to die for vertues right,
Sith ioy should be the pledge of heauines:

When vnexpected things were brought to passe,
They were amaze and wondred where God was.

Hce whom they did denie now they extoll,
Hce whom they do extoll, they did denie,
Hce whom they did deride, they doe enroll,
In register of heau'nly maiestie:

Their thirst was euer thirst, repentance stopt it,
Their life was euer dead, repentance propt it.

And had it not their thirst had burnd their harts,
Their harts had cri'd out for their tongues replie,
Their tougues had raised all their bodies parts,
Their bodyes once in armes had made all die:

Verse 13

Their foolish practises had made them wise,
Wise in their hearts, though foolish in their eyes.

But they (alas) were dead to worshippe death,
Sencelesse in worshiping all shadowed shewes,
Breathlesse in wasting of so vaine a breath,
Dumbe in performance of their tongues suppose:

They in adoring death, in deaths behests,
Were punished with life, and liuing beastes.

O



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 14 15 Thus for a shew of beasts, they substance haue,
 The thing it selfe against the shadowes will,
 Which makes the shadowes, sad woes in lifes graue,
 As nought impossible in heauens skills;
 God sent sad-ohes, for shadowes of lament,
 Lions, and beares, in multitudes he sent,

Newly created beasts; which sight ne'er sawe,
 Vnknowne, which neither eye nor eare did know,
 To breathe out blasts of fire against their law,
 And cast out smoake with a tempestuous blow:
 Making their eyes the chambers of their feares,
 Darting forth fire as lightning from the spheares.

Ver. 16

Thus marching one by one, and side by side,
 By the prophane ill-limnd, pale spectacles,
 Making both fire and feare to be their guide,
 Pulld downe their vaine-adoring chronicles:
 Then staring in their faces spit forth fire,
 Which heats, and cools, their frosty-hot desire.

Frosty in feare, vnfrosty in their shame,
 Coole in lament, hot in their powers disgraces,
 Like luke-warme coales, halfe kindled with the flame,
 Sate white and red mustring within their faces:
 The beasts the selues did not so much dismay them,
 As did their vgly eyes aspects decay them.



Yet what are beasts, but subiects vnto man,
By the decree of heau'n, degree of earth?
They haue more strength then he, yet more he can,
Hee hauing reasons store, they reasons dearth,
But these were made to breake subiections rod:
And show the stubernesse of man to God,

Had they not beene ordain'd to such intent,
Gods word was able to supplant their powers,
And root out them which were to mischief bent,
With wrath & vengeance, minutes in deaths houres:
But God doth keepe a full-direct-true course,
And measures pitties loue, with mercies force.

The wicked thinkes, God hath no might at all,
Because he makes no shew of what he is,
When God is loth to giue their pride a fall,
Or cloud the day wherein they do amisse;
But should his strength be showne his anger rise,
Who could withstand the sunne-beames of his eyes.

Alas, what is the world against his ire?
As snowie mountaines gainst the golden sunne,
For't for to melt, and thawe with frosty fire,
Fire hid in frost, though frost of colde begunne:
As dew-distilling drops fall from the morne,
So nw-destructions claps fall from his scorne.



Verse 20 But his reuenge lies smother'd in his smiles,
 His wrath lies sleeping in his mercies ioy,
 Which very seldome rise at mischiefes coyles,
 And will not wake for euery sinners toy:
 Boundlesse his mercies are, like heauens grounds,
 They haue no limittes they, nor heau'n no bounds.

The promontary top of his true loue,
 Is like the end of neuer-ending streames,
 Like Nilus water-springs which inward moue,
 And haue no outward shew of shadowes beames:
 God sees, and will not see, the sinnes of men,
 Because they should amend, amend? oh when?

Ver. 21 The mother loues the issues of her wombe,
 As doth the father his begotten sonne,
 Shee makes her lap their quiet sleeping tombe,
 Hee seekes to care for life which new begun:
 What care hath he (think then) that cares for all,
 For aged, and for yong, for great and small?

Is not that father carefull, filld with care,
 Louing, long suffering, mercifull, and kinde;
 Which made with loue all things that in loue are,
 Vnmercifull to none, to none vnkinde,
 Had man beene hatefull, man had neuer beene,
 But perisht in the spring-time of his greene.



But how can hate abide where loue remaines?

Or how can anger follow mercies path?

How can vnkindenesse hinder kindnesse gaines?

Or how can murder bathe in pitties bath?

Loue, mercy, kindenesse, pittie, eithers mate,

Doth scorne vnkindenesse, anger, murder, hate.

Had it not beene thy will to make the earth,

It still had beene a Chaos vnto time,

But twas thy will that man should haue a birth,

And be preferude by good, condemnd by crime:

Yet pittie raignes within thy mercies store,

Thou spar'st & lou'st vs all, what would we more?

O 3



Verse 1 2



When all the elements of mortall life,
 Were placed in the mansion of their skin,
 Each hauing dayly motion to be rife,
 Closde in that body which doth close the in,
 God sent his holy spirit vnto man,
 Which did begin when first the world began,

So that the body which was king of al,
 Is subiect vnto that which now is king,
 Which chastneth those whom mischiete doth exhale,
 Vnto misdeeds from whence destructions spring:
 Yet mercifull it is though it be chiefe,
 Conuerting vice to good, sin to beliefe.

Verse 3

Old time is often lost in being balld,
 Balld because old, old because liuing long,
 It is reiected oft when it is calld,
 And weares out age with age, still being yong:
 Twice children we, twice feeble, and once strong,
 But being old, we sin, and do youth wrong.

The more we grow in age, the more in vice,
 A house-roome long vnswept wil gather dust,
 Our long vnthawed soules wil freeze to ice,
 And weare the badge of long imprisoned rust:
 So these inhabitants in youth twice borne,
 Were old in sin, more olde in heauens scorne.



Committing workes as inckie spots of fame, *Ver. 4 5*
 Commencing wordes like foaming vices waues,
 Committing and commencing milchiefes name,
 With workes and words sworne to be vices slaues:
 As forcery, witchcraft, mischieuous deeds,
 And sacrifice which wicked fancies feeds,

Well may I call that wicked which is more,
 I rather would be lowe than be too hie,
 Oh wondrous practisers clothde all in gore,
 To end that life, which their owne liues did buy,
 More than swine-like eating mans bowelles vp,
 Their banquets dish, their blood their banquets cup.

Butchers vnnaturall, worse by their trade, *Verse 6 7*
 Whose house the bloody shambles of decay,
 More than a slaughter-house which butchers made,
 More than an Eschip seely bodies pray:
 Thorow whose hearts a bloody shambles runnes,
 They do not butcher beasts, but their owne sonnes.

Chief murders of their soules, which their souls bought
 Extinguishers of light which their liues gaue,
 More than knife-butchers they, butchers in thought,
 Sextons to digge their owne begotten graue:
 Making their habitations old in sinne,
 Which God doth reconcile and new beginne.



Verse 8 9 That murdering place was turnd into delight,
 That bloody slaughter-house to peaces breast,
 That lawlesse pallace, to a place of right,
 That slaughtring shambles to a living rest:
 Made meete for iustice, fit for happinesse,
 Vnmeet for sin, vnfit for wickednesse.

Yet the inhabitants, though mischiefes slaues,
 Were not dead-drencht in their destructions flood,
 God hop'd to raise repentance from sins graues,
 And hop'd that paines delay would make them good:
 Not that he was vnable to subdue them,
 But that their sins repentance should renue them.

Ver. 10 Delay is tooke for vertue and for vice,
 Delay is good, and yet delay is bad,
 Tis vertue when it thawes repentance ice,
 Tis vice to put off things we haue or had:
 But here it followeth repentance way,
 Therefore it is nor sins nor mischiefes pray.

Delay in punishment is double paine,
 And every paine makes a twice double thought,
 Doubling the way to our liues better gaine,
 Doubling repentance which is single bought:
 For fruitles grafts when they are too much lopt,
 More fruitlesse are, for why their fruits are stopt.



So fares it with the wicked plants of sin,
The rootes of mischief, toppes of villany,
They worser are with too much punishing,
Because by nature prone to iniury:
For tis but folly to supplant his thought,
Whose heart is wholly giuen to be nought.

These seeded were in seede; oh cursed plant,
Seeded with other seede, Oh cursed roote,
Too much of good doth turne vnto goods want,
As too much seede doth turne to too much soote:
Bitter in taste, presuming of their height,
Like misty vapours in blacke-coloured night.

But god whose powerful arms one strength doth hold Ver. 12
Scorning to staine his force vpon their faces,
Will send his messengers both hote and colde,
To make them shadowes of their owne disgraces:
His hot Ambassador is fire, his cold
Is winde, which two scorne for to be controld.

For who dares say vnto the King of kings,
What hast thou done, which ought to be vndone?
Or who dares stand against thy iudgements stings?
Or dare accuse thee for the nations mone?
Or who dare say, reuenge this ill for me?
Or stand against the Lord with villanie?

P



Ver. 13

What he hath done he knowes, what he will doe,
 He weigheth with the ballance of his eies,
 What iudgement he pronounceth must be so,
 And those which he oppresseth cannot rise:
 Reuenge lies in his hands, when he doth please,
 He can reuenge, and loue, punish, and ease.

The carued spectacle which workemen make,
 Is subiect vnto them, not they to it,
 They which from God a liuely forme do take,
 Should much more yeeld vnto their makers wit:
 Such there is none but he which hath his thought,
 Caring for that which he hath made of nought.

Ver. 14

The clay is subiect to the potters hands,
 Which with a new deuice makes a new moule,
 And what are we I pray but clayie bands,
 With a shie body, ioynde to cleaner soule?
 Yet we once made, scorne to be made againe,
 But liue in sin like clayie lumps of paine.

Yet if hot anger smother coole delight,
 Hee'le mould our bodies in destructions forme,
 And make our selues as subiects to his might,
 In the least fewell of his angers storme:
 Nor king, nor tyrant, dare aske or demanda,
 What punishment is this thou hast in hand?



We all are captiues to thy regall throne,
Our prision is the earth, our bands our sins,
And our accuser our owne bodies grone,
Prest downe with vices weights, and mischiefs gins:
Before the barre of heau'n we pleade for fauour,
To cleanse our sin-bespotted bodies fauour.

Thou righteous art, our pleading then is right,
Thou mercifull, we hope for mercies grace,
Thou ordrest euery thing with looke-on sight;
Behold vs prisoners in earths wandring race:
We know thy pittie is without a bound,
And sparest them which in some faults be found.

Thy power is as thy selfe, without an end,
Beginning all to end, yet ending none,
Sonne vnto vertues sonne, and wisedomes frend,
Originall of blisse to vertue showne:
Beginning good which neuer ends in vice,
Beginning flames which neuer ende in ice.

For righteousness is good in such a name,
It righteous is, tis good in such a deed,
A lamp it is, fed with discretions flame,
Begins in seede, but neuer ends in seed:
By this we know the Lord is iust and wise,
Which causeth him to spare vs when he tries.



Ver. 17

Iust, because iustice weighs what wisdom thinks;
 Wise, because wisdom thinks what iustice weighs,
 One vertue maketh two, and two more linckes,
 Wisdom is iust, and iustice neuer straits:

The help of one doth make the other better,
 As is the want of one the others letter.

But wisdom hath two properties in wit,
 As iustice hath two contraries in force,
 Heate added vnto heate augmenteth it,
 As too much water bursts a water-course: (hate,
 Gods wisdom too much proou'd doth breed gods
 Gods iustice too much mou'd breeds Gods debate.

Ver.

18

Although the ashy prison of fire-durst,
 Doth keepe the flaming heate imprisoned in,
 Yet sometime wil it burne, when flame it must,
 And burst the ashie caue where it hath bin:
 So if Gods mercy passe the bounds of mirth,
 It is not mercy then, but mercies dearth.

Yet how can loue breed hate, without hates loue?
 God doth not hate to loue, nor loue to hate,
 His equitie doth euery action proue,
 Smothering with loue that spitefull enuies fate:
 For should the teene of anger trace his brow,
 The very puffs of rage would driue the plow.



But God did end his toile when world begun,
Now like a loue studies how to please,
And win their harts againe, whom mischief won,
Lodg'd in the mansion of their sins disease.

Hee made each mortall man two eares, two eyes,
To heare and see; yet he must make them wise.

If imitation should direct mans life,
Tis life to imitate a liuing corse,
The things example makes the thing more rise,
God louing is, why do wee want remorse?

Hee put repentance into sinfull hearts,
And fed their fruitlesse soules, with fruitfull arts.

If such a boundlesse Ocean of good deeds,
Should haue such influence from mercies streame,
Kissing both good, and ill, flowers, and weedes,
As doth the sunnie flame of *Tytans* beame,
A greater *Tethis* then should mercy bee,
In flowing vnto them which loueth thee.

Ver. 20 21

The sunne which shines in hea'n doth light the earth
The earth which shines in sin doth spight the hea'n,
Sinne is earths sunne, the sunne of hea'n sins dearth,
Both odde in light, being of height not eu'n:

Gods mercy then which spares both good and ill,
Doth care for both, though not alike in will.



Verse 22 Can vice be vertues mate, or vertues meate?
 Her company is bad, her foode more worse,
 Shee shames to sit vpon her betters seat,
 As subiect beasts wanting the Lions force,
 Mercy is vertues badge, foe to disdaine,
 Vertue is vices stop, and mercies gaine.

Yet God is mercifull, to mischief flowes,
 More mercifull in sins and sinners want,
 God chast'neth vs, and punisheth our foes,
 Like sluggish drones, amongst a laboring ant:
 Wee hope for mercy at our bodies doome,
 Wee hope for heau'n, the baile of earthly tombe.

Ver. 23 What hope they for, what hope haue they of heau'n?
 They hope for vice, and they haue hope of hell,
 From whence their soules eternity is giu'n,
 But such eternity which paines can tell:
 They liue; but better were it for to die,
 Immortall in their paine and misery.

Hath hell such freedome to deuoure soules?
 Are soules so bolde to rush in such a place?
 God giues hell power of vice, which hell controules:
 Vice makes her followers bolde with armed face,
 God tortures both, the mistris and the man,
 And ends in paine, that which in vice began.



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 12

Verse. 24

A bad beginning makes a worser end,
Without repentance meet the middle way,
Making a mediocrity their friend,
Which else would be their foe, because they stray:
But if repentance misse the middle line,
The sunne of vertue endes in wests decline.

So did it fare with these, which strai'd too far,
Beyond the measure of the middayes eye,
In errors waies, lead without vertues star,
Esteeming beast-like powers for deitie:
Whose heart no thought of vnderstanding ment,
Whose tongue no word of vnderstanding sent,

Ver. 25

Like infant babes bearing their natures shell,
Vpon the tender heads of tendrer wit,
which tongue-tide are, hauing no tale to tell,
To driue away the childhood of their fit.
Vnsit to tune their tongue with wisedomes string,
Too fit to quench their thirst in follies spring.

But they were trees to babes, babes sprigs to them,
They not so good as these, in being nought,
In being nought, the more from vices stem,
Whose essence cannot come without a thought;
To punish them, is punishment in season;
They children like, without or wit, or reason.



The wisdom of Solomon

verse 26 To bee derided, is to be halfe dead,
 Derision beares a part tweene life and death,
 Shame followes her with misery halfe fed,
 Halfe-breathing life, to make halfe life and breath:
 Yet here was mercy shown, their deeds were more,
 Then could bee wipte off by derisions score.

This mercy is the warning of misdeedes,
 A trumpet summoning to vertues walls,
 To notifie their hearts which mischief feeds,
 Whom vice instructs, whom wickednes exhal's:
 But if derision can not murder sin,
 Then shame shall end, and punishment begin.

Ver. 27 For many shamelesse are, bolde, stout in ill,
 Then how can shame take roote in shamlesse plants,
 When they their browes with shamelesse furrows fill,
 And plows ech place, which one plow-furrow wants:
 Then being arm'd gainst shame with shamlesse face,
 How can derision take a shameful place?

But punishment may smoth their wrinkled brow,
 And set shame on the forehead of their rage,
 Guiding the forefront of that shamelesse row,
 Making it smooth in shame, though not in age:
 Then will they say, that God is iust and true,
 But tis too late, damnation will ensue.



THe branch must needs be weake, if roote be so,
 The roote must needs be weake, if branches fall,
 Nature is vaine, man cannot be her foe,
 Because from nature, and at natures call:
 Nature is vaine, and wee proceede from nature,
 Vaine therefore is our birth, and vaine our feature.

Ver. 1

One body may haue two diseases sore,
 Not being two, it may be ioyned to two,
 Nature is one it selfe, yet two and more,
 Vaine, ignorant of God, of good, of shew,
 Which not regards the things which god hath don,
 And what things are to doe, what new begun.

Why doe I blame the tree? when tis the leaues,
 Why blame I nature? for her mortall men,
 Why blame I men? tis she, tis she that weaues,
 That weaues, that wafts vnto destructions pen:
 Then being blamefull both, because both vaine,
 I leaue to both, their vanities due paine.

Ver. 2

To prize the shadow at the substance rate,
 Is a vaine substance of a shadowes hue,
 To thinke the sonne to be the fathers mate,
 Earth to rule earth, because of earthly view:
 To thinke fire winde, ayre stars, water, and heau'n,
 To be as Gods, from whom their felices are giu'n.

Q



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 3

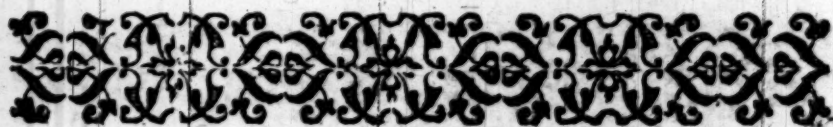
Fire as a God? oh irreligious sound,
 Winde as a God? oh vaine, oh vainest voice,
 Aire as a God? when tis but duskie ground,
 Star as a God? when tis but *Phæbes* choice:
 Water a God? which first by God was made,
 Heauen a God? which first by God was laide.

Say all hath beautie, excellence, array,
 Yet beautifide they are, they were, they bee,
 By Gods bright excellence of brightest day,
 Which first implanted our first beuties tree:
 If then the painted outside of the show,
 Bee radiant, what is the inward row.

Ver.

4 If that the shadowe of the bodies skin,
 Bee so illumin'd with the sun-shin'd soule,
 What is the thing it selfe which is within,
 More wrencht, more cleansde, more purifi'd from foul:
 It elementall powers haue Gods thought,
 Say what is God, which made them all of nought.

It is a wonder for to see the skie,
 And operation of each ayrye power,
 A meruaile, that the heau'n should be so hie,
 And let fall such a low distilling shower:
 Then needs must hee bee high, higher then all, (call.
 Which made both hie and lowe with one tongues



The workeman mightier is then his hand-worke,
In making that which else would be yⁿmade,
The nere-thought thing, doth alwaies hidden lurke,
Without the maker in a making trade:

Ver. 5

For had not God made man, man had not beene,
But nature had decayde, and nere beene scene.

The workman neuer shewing of his skill,
Doth liue vnknowne to man, though knowne to wit,
Had mortall birth beene neuer in Gods will,
God had beene God, but yet vnknowne in it:

Then hauing made the glory of earths beautie,
Tis reason earth should reuerence him in dutie.

The sauadge people haue a supream head,
A king, though sauadge as his subiects are,
Yet they with his obseruances are lead,
Obaying his behests what ere they were:

Ver. 6

The Turkes, the infidels, all haue a Lord,
Whom they obserue in thought, in deed, in word.

And shall we; differing from their sauage kinde,
Hauing a soule to liue and to beleeue,
Be rude in thought, in deed, in word, in minde,
Not seeking him which should our woes releue:

Oh no deere brethren, seeke our God, our fame,
Then if wee erre we shall haue lesser blame.

Q²



Ver. 7 How can wee erre, wee seeke for ready way,
 Oh that my tongue could fetch that word againe,
 Whose very accent makes me go astray,
 Breathing that erring wind into my braine:
 My word is past and cannot be recalde,
 It is like aged time, now waxen balde.

For they which goe astray in seeking God,
 Doe misse the ioyfull narrow-footed path,
 (Ioyfull, thrice ioyfull way to his abode,)
 Nought seeing but their shadowes in a bath:
 Narcissus-like pining to see a show,
 Hindring the passage, which their feete should goe.

Ver. 8 9 Narcissus fantasie did die to kisse,
 O sugred kisse dide with a poisoned lip,
 The fantasies of these do die to misse,
 Oh tossed fantasies, in follies ship:
 He dide to kisse the shadow of his face,
 These liue and die to lifes and deaths disgrace.

A fault without amends, crime without ease,
 A sin without excuse, death without aide,
 To loue the world, and what the world did please,
 To know the earth, wherein their finnes are laide:
 They knew the world, but not the L. that framde it
 They knew the earth, but not the L. that namde it



Narcissus drownde himselfe, for his selves shew,
Striuing to heale himselfe, did himselfe harme, (woe,
These drownde them selues on earth, with their selues
Hee in a water-brooke by furies charmes;

They made dry earth wet with their follis weeping,
Hee made wet earth dry, with his furies sleeping.

Then leaue him to his sleepe: returne to those,
Which euer wake in miseries constraints,
Whose eyes are hollow caues, and made sleeps foes,
Two dungeons darke with sin, blind with complaints:
They called images which man first found,
Immortall Gods: for which, their tongues are bound.

Goldewas a God with them, a golden God,
Like children in a pageant of gay toyces,
Adoring images for saints abode,
Oh vaine vaine spectacles of vainer ioyes:
Putting their hope in blocks, their trust in stones,
Hoping to trust, trusting to hope in mones.

As when a carpenter cuts downe a tree,
Meet for to make a vessell for mans vse,
He pareth all the barke most cunningly,
With the sharp shauer of his kniues abuse,
Ripping the feely wombe with no entreate,
Making her woundy chips to dresse his meat.



Ver. 13 14 Her bodies bones are often rough and hard,
 Crooked with ages growth, growing with crookes,
 And full of wether-chinkes, which seasons marre,
 Knobbie and rugged, bending in like hookes:
 Yet knowing age can neuer want a fault,
 Encounters it with a sharpe knifes assault.

And carues it well though it be selfe-like ill,
 Obseruing leasure, keeping time and place,
 According to the cunning of his skill,
 Making the figure of a mortall face:
 Or like some vgly beast in ruddy mould,
 Hiding each crannie with a painters fould.

Ver. 15 16 It is a world to see, to marke, to view,
 How age can botch vp age, with crooked thread,
 How his olde hands, can make an olde tree new,
 And dead-like hee, can make another dead:
 Yet makes a substantiue, able to beare it,
 And she an adiectiue, nor see, nor heare it.

A wall it is it selfe, yet wall with wall,
 Hath great supportance bearing either part,
 The image like an adiectiue would fall,
 Were it not closed with an yron hart:
 The workman being olde himselfe, doth know,
 What great infirmities olde age can show.



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 13

Verse. 17

Therefore to stop the riuer of extreames,
Hee burst into the flowing of his wit,
Tolsing his braines with more then thousand theams,
To haue a wooden stratagem so fit:

Woodden, because it doth belong to wood,
His purpose may be wise, his reason good.

His purpose wise? no, foolish, fond, and vaine,
His reason good? no, wicked, vild, and ill;
To be the authour of his owne liues paine,
To be the tragick actor of his will:

Praying to that which he before had fram'd,
For welcome faculties, (and not asham'd.)

Calling to follie, for discretions sence,
Calling to sicknes, for sick bodies health,
Calling to weakenes, for a stronger sence,
Calling to pouertie, for better wealth:

Praying to death, for life, for this hee praide,
Requiring helpe of that, which wanteth aide.

Ver. 18 19

Desiring that of it, which he not had,
And for his iourney, that which cannot goe,
And for his gaine, her furdance, to make glad,
The worke which he doth take in hand to doe:
These windie words do rush against the wall,
Shee cannot speake, twill sooner make her fall.



Verse 1



So doth one litle sparke make a great flame,
Kindled from forth the bosome of the flint,
As doth one plague infect with it selfe name,
With watric humours making bodies dint:

So, even so, this idoll worshipper,
Doth make another idoll practiser.

The shipman cannot teeme dame *Tethis* waues,
Within a winde-taught-captiue anchorage,
Before hee prostrate lies, and suffrage craues,
And haue a block to be his fortunes gage:
More crooked then his sterne, yet he implores her,
More rotten then his ship, yet he adores her.

Ver. 2 3 4 Who made this forme? he that was form'd and made,
Twas avarice, twas shee that found it out,
Shee made her crafts-man crafty in his trade,
Hee cunning was in bringing it about:
Oh had he made the painted shew to speake,
It would haue calde him vaine, herselfe to wreake.

It would haue made him blush alive, though hee,
Did die her colour with a deadly blush,
Thy poudence (ó father) doth decree,
A sure sure way, amongst the waues to rush:
Thereby declaring that thy power is such,
That though a man were weake, thou canst do much.



What is one single barre to double death?
One death in death, the other death in feare,
This single barre, a borde, a poore bords breath,
Yet stops the passage of each *Neptunes* teare:
To see how many liues one borde can haue,
To see how many liues one borde can saue.

Ver. 5

How was this borde first made: by wisedomes art,
Which is not vaine, but firme, not weake, but sure,
Therefore do men commit their liuing hart,
To plancks which either life or death procure:
Cutting the stormes in two, parting the winde,
Plowing the sea till they their harbour finde.

The sea whose mountaine billowes, passing bounds
Rusteth vpon the hollow-sided barke,
With rough-sent kisses from the water grounds,
Raising a foaming heat with rages sparke,
Yet sea, nor waues, can make the shipman feare,
Hee knowes that die he must, hee cares not where.

Ver. 6

For had his timorous heart beene dide in white,
And sent an eccho of resembling woe,
Wisedome had beene vnknowne in follics night,
The sea had beene a desolations shoue:
But one world hope lay houerig on the sea,
When one worlds hap did end with one decay.

R



Ver. 7. 8 Yet *Phæbus* drowned in the oceans world,
Phæbe disgraft with *Tethis* billow-roules,
 And *Phæbus* fire-gclden-wreath vncurl'd,
 Was seated at the length in brightnes soules:
 Man tost in wettest wildernes of seas,
 Had seed on seed, encrease vpon encrease.

Their mansion-house a tree vpon a waue,
 O happy tree, vpon vnhappy ground,
 But euery tree is not ordain'd to haue
 Such blessednes, such vertue, such abound:
 Some trees are carued images of nought,
 Yet God-like reuerenc'd, ador'd, besought,

Ver. 9 Are the trees nought, alas, they sencelesse are,
 The hands which fashion them, condemne their groth,
 Cuts downe their branches, vailes their forehead bare,
 Both made in sin, though not sins equall both:
 First God made man, and vice did make him new,
 And man made vice from vices; and so it grew.

Now is her haruest greater then her good,
 Her wonted winter, turn'd to summers ayre,
 Her ice to heat, her sprig to cedars wood,
 Her hate to loue, her lothsome filth to faire:
 Man loues her well by mischief new created,
 God hates her ill, because of vertue hated,



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 14

Verse. 10

O foolish man mounted vppon decay,
More vgly then *Alastors* pitchie backe,
Nights dismall summoner, and end of day,
Carrying all duskie vapours hemde in blacke:
Behold thy downfall ready at thy hand,
Behold thy hopes wherein thy hazards stand.

Oh spurne away that blocke out of thy way,
With vertues appetite, and wisedomes force,
That stumbling blocke of follie and decay,
That snare which doth ensnare thy treading corse:
Beholde thy body falls, let vertue beare it,
Beholde thy soule doth fall, let wisedome reare it.

Verse 11

Say art thou yong, or olde, tree, or a bud,
Thy face is so disfigured with sin,
Yong I doe thinke thou art, in what? in good,
But olde I am assur'd by wrinkled skin:
Thy lips, thy tongue, thy heart, is yong in praying,
But lips, and tongue, and heart is olde in straying.

Olde in adoring idolls, but too yong,
In the obseruance of diuine lawe,
Yong in adoring God, though olde in tong,
Olde and too olde, yong, and too yong in awe:
Beginning that, which doth begin misdeeds,
Inuention vice, which all thy body feeds.

R 2



Ver. 12-13 But this corrupting and infecting foode,
 This caterpillar of eternitie,
 The foe to blisse, the canker vnto good,
 The new accustom'd way of vanitie:
 It hath not euer beene, nor shall it be,
 But perish in the branch of follies tree.

As her descent was vanities aline,
 So her descending like to her descent,
 Here shall shee haue an end, in hell no fine,
 Vaine glory brought her, vainely to be spent:
 You know all vanity drawes to an end,
 Then needs must shee decay because her friend,

Ver. 14 Is there more follie then to weepe at ioy,
 To make eyes watrie, when they should be drie,
 To greeue at that, which murders griefes annoy,
 To keepe a shower where the sunne should lie?
 But yet this folly-cloude doth oft appeare,
 When face should smile and watry eie bee cleere.

The father mournes to see his sonne life-dead,
 But seldome mournes to see his sonne dead-liv'd,
 Hee cares for earthly lodge, not heau'ns bed,
 For death in life, not life in death suruiu'd:
 Keeping the outward shadow of his face,
 To worke the inward substance of disgrace.



Keeping a shew to counterpoize the deed,
 Keeping a shadow to be substance heire,
 To raise the thing it selfe from shadowes seed,
 And make an element of liuelesse aire:

Adoring that which his owne hands did frame,
 Whose hart inuention gaue, whose tong the name.

But could infection keepe one setled place,
 The poyson would not lodge in euery brest,
 Nor feede the hart, the minde, the soule, the face,
 Lodging but in the carcasle of her rest:

But this Idolatry once in mans vse,
 Was made a custome then without excuse.

Nay more: it was at tyrannies commaund,
 And tyrants cannot speake without a doome,
 Whose iudgement doth proceed from heart and hand,
 From heart in rage, from hand in bloudy tombe:

Verse 16

That if through absence any did neglect it,
 Presence should pay the ransome which reiect it.

Then to auoide the doome of present hate,
 Their absence did performe their presence want,
 Making the image of a kingly state,
 As if they had new seed from sins olde plant:

Flattring the absence of olde mitchiefes mother,
 With the like forme and presence of another.

R 3



Verse. 17 Making an absence with a present sight,
 Or rather presence with an absent view,
 Deceiuing vulgars with a day of night,
 Which know not good from bad, nor false from true:
 A crafts-man cunning in his crafty trade,
 Beguiling them with that which he had made.

Like as a vane is turn'd with euery blast,
 Vntill it point vnto the windie clime,
 So stand the people at his worde agast,
 Hee making olde new forme in new-olde time,
 Defies, and deifies all with one breath,
 Making them liue and die, and all in death,

Ver. 18 They like to *Tantalus* are fed with shoes,
 Shewes which exasperat: and cannot cure,
 They see the painted shadow of suppose,
 They see her sight, yet what doth sight procure?
 Like *Tantalus* they feed, and yet they starue,
 Their foode is caru'd to them, yet hard to carue.

The crafts-man feeds them with a staruing meat,
 Which doth not fill but empty hungers gape,
 Hee makes the idoll comely, faire, and great,
 With well limnd visage, and best fashioned shape:
 Meaning to giue it to some noble view,
 And faine his beautie with that flattring hue,



Enamour'd with the sight, the people grew,
To diuers apparitions of delight,
Some did admire the portraiture so new,
Hew'd from the standard of an olde trees hight,
Some were allur'd through bentie of the face,
With outward eye to worke the soules disgrace.

Adored like a God though made by man,
To make a God of man, a man of God,
Tis more then humaine life or could, or can,
Though multitudes applause in error trode,
I neuer knew since mortall lifes abod,
That man could make a man much lesse a God.

Yes man can make his shame, without a maker,
Borrowing the essence from restored sin,
Man can be vertues foe, and vices taker,
Welcome himselfe without a welcome in:
Can he doe this? yea more, oh shamelesse ill,
Shamefull in shame, shamelesse in wisedomes will.

The riuer of his vice can haue no bound,
But breakes into the ocean of deceit,
Deceiuing life with measures of dead ground,
With carued idols, disputations baite:
Making captiuitie cloth'd all in mone,
Bee subiect to a God made of a stone.



The wisdome of Solomon

Ver. 21 Too stony hearts had they which made this lawe,
 Oh had they beene as stony as the name,
 They neuer had brought vulgars in such awe,
 To be destructions pray, and mischiefes game:
 Had they beene stone-dead both in looke & fauour
 They neuer had made life of such a fauour.

Yet was not this a too sufficient doome,
 Sent from the roote of their sin-oregrowne tong,
 To cloud gods knowledge with hel mischiefs gloome
 To ouerthrowe truths right with falhoods wrong:
 But dayly practised a perfect way,
 Still to begin and neuer end to stray.

Ver. 22 23 For either murders pawe did gripe their harts,
 With whispring horrors drumming in each care,
 Or other villanies did play their parts,
 Augmenting horror to newe stricken feare:
 Making their hands more then a shambles stall,
 To slay their children ceremoniall.

No place was free from staine of blood or vice,
 Their life was markt for death, their soule for sin,
 Marriage, for fornications thawed ice,
 Thought for despaire, body for eithers gin:
 Slaughter did either end what life begunne,
 Or lust did end what both had left vndone.



The one was sure, although the other faile,
For vice hath more competitors then one,
A greater troupe doth evermore auaille,
And villanie is neuer found alone,
The bloud-hound folows that which slaughter kild
And thest doth folow what deceit hath spild.

Corruption mate to infidelitie,
For that which is vntaithfull is corrupt,
Tumults are schoole fellowes to periury,
For both are full when either one hath supt:
Vnthankfullnes, defiling, and disorders,
Are fornications and vncleannes borders.

See what a sort of rebells are in armes,
To root out vertue, to supplant her raigne,
Opposing of them selues against all harmes,
To the deposing of her empires gaine:
O double knot of treble miseries,
Oh treble knot, twice, thrice, in villanies.

Verse 25

O idoll-worshipping, thou mother art,
Shee procreatresse of a he offence,
I know thee now, thou bearest a womans part,
Thou nature hast of her, shee of thee sence:
These are thy daughters, too too like the mother,
Black sins I dim you all with inckie smother

S



Ver. 27 My pen shall be officious in this scene,
 To let your harts blood in a wicked veine,
 To make your bodies cleare, your soules as cleane,
 To cleanse the sinkes of sin, with vertues reine:
 Behold your cole-blacke blood my writing inke,
 My papers poysoned meate, my pens fowle drinke.

New christned are you, with your owne new blood,
 But madde before; sauage, and desperate,
 Prophecying lies, not knowing what was good,
 Liuing vngodly euermore in hate:
 Thundring out oathes, pale Sergeants of despaire,
 Swore, and forswore, not knowing what you were.

Ver. 28 Now looke vpon the spectacle of shame,
 The well-limnd image of an ill-limnd thought,
 Say, are you worthy now of praise or blame,
 That such selfe-scandall in your owne selues wrought:
 You were heart-sicke before I let you blood,
 But now heart-well since I haue done you good.

Now wipe blinde folly from your seeing eies,
 And driue destruction from your happy mind,
 Your follie now is wit, not foolish-wise,
 Destruction, happinesse, not mischief blinde:
 You put your trust in idoles, they deceiude you,
 You put your trust in God, and he receiude you.



Had not repentance grounded on your soules,
The climes of good or ill, vertue or vice,
Had it not flowde into the tongues enrowles,
Ascribing mischiefs hate, with good aduice:
Your tong had spild your soul, your soul your tong
Wronging each function with a double wrong.

Your first attempt was placed in a show,
Imaginary show without a deed,
The next attempt was periury, the foe
To iust demeanors, and to vertues feede:
Two sins, two punishments, and one in two,
Makes two in one, and more than one can do.

Foure scourges from one paine, al comes from sin,
Single, yet double, double, yet in foure,
It slayes the soule, it hems the body in,
It spills the minde, it doth the heart deuoure:
Gnawing vpon the thoughts, feeding on blood,
For why, she liues in sin, but dies in good.

Verse 30

She taught their soules to stray, their tongs to sweare,
Their thought to thinke amisse, their life to die,
Their heart to erre, their mischiefe to appeare,
Their head to sin, their feete to treade awry:
This sceane might well haue bin destructions tent,
To pay with paine, what sin with ioy hath spent.

S 2



Ver. 1

But God will neuer die his hands with bloud,
 His heart with hate, his throne with crueltie,
 His face with furies map, his browe with cloud,
 His raigne with rage, his crowne with tyrannic:
 Gracious is he, long-suffering, and true,
 Which ruleth all things with his mercies view.

Gracious, for where is grace but where he is?
 The fountaine-head the euer-bundlelle streame,
 Patient, for where is patience in amisse,
 If not conducted by pure graces beame:
 Truth is the moderator of them both,
 For grace and patience are of truest groth.

Ver. 2

For grace-beginning truth, doth end in grace,
 As truth-beginning grace, doth end in truth,
 Now patience takes the moderators place,
 Yong-olde in suffering, olde-yong in ruth:
 Patience is olde in being alwaies yong,
 Not hauing right, nor euer offering wrong,

So this is moderator of Gods rage,
 Pardoning those deeds, which wee in sin commit,
 That if wee sin, thce is our freedomes gage,
 And wee still thine, though to bethine vnfit:
 In being thine (ô Lord) wee will not sin,
 That we thy patience, grace, and truth may win.



O grant vs patience in whose grant we rest,
To right our wrong, and not to wrong the right,
Giue vs thy grace (ô Lord) to make vs blest,
That grace might blesse, & blisse might grace our sight:
Make our beginning and our sequell truth,
To make vs yong in age, and graue in youth,

Ver. 3

Wee know that our demaunds rest in thy will,
Our will rests in thy word, our worde in thee,
Thou in our orisons, which dost fullfill,
That wished action, which wee wish to bee:
Tis perfect righteousness to know thee right,
Tis immortalitie to know thy might.

In knowing thee, we know both good and ill,
Good, to know good and ill, ill to know none,
In knowing all, wee know thy sacred will,
And what to do, and what to leaue yndone:
We are deceiu'd, not knowing to deceiue,
In knowing good and ill, wee take and leaue.

Verse 4 5

The glasse of vanitie, deceit, and shewes,
The painters labour, the beguiling face,
The diuers-coloured image of suppose,
Cannot deceiue the substance of thy grace:
Only a snare, to those of common wit,
Which couets to be like, in hauing it.

S 3



Verse 6

The greedy lucre of a witleffe braine,
 This feeding auarice on sencelesse minde,
 Is rather hurt, then good, a losse, then gaine,
 Which couets for to loose and not to finde:
 So they were coloured with such a face,
 They would not care to take the idols place.

Then be your thoughts coherent to your words,
 Your words as correspondent to your thought,
 Tis reason you should haue what loue affords:
 And trust in that which lout so dearely bought:
 The maker must needs loue what he hath made,
 And the desirers free of either trade.

Verse 7

Man, thou wast made, art thou a maker now?
 Yes, tis thy trade, for thou a potter art,
 Tempring softe earth, making the clay to bow,
 But clayie thou, dost beare too stout a hart:
 The clay is humble to thy rigorous hands,
 Thou clay, too tough against thy Gods commaunds.

If thou want'st slime, beholde thy slimie faults,
 If thou want'st clay, beholde thy clayie breast,
 Make them to be the deepest centres vaults,
 And let all claye mountaines sleepe in rest:
 Thou bear'st an earthly mountaine on thy back,
 Thy harts chiefe prison-house thy souls chief wrack.



Art thou a mortall man, and mak'st a God,
A God of clay, thou but a man of clay,
O suds of mischiefe, in destruction sod,
O vaineft labour in a vainer playe:
Man is the greatest worke which God did take:
And yet a God with man is nought to make.

Hee that was made of earth, would make a heau'n,
If heauen may be made vpon the earth,
Sins heires, the ayres, fins plants, the planets seau'n,
Their God a clod, his birth, true vertues dearth:
Remember whence you came whither you goe,
Of earth, in earth, from earth to earth in woe.

No, quoth the potter, as I haue beene clay,
So will I end with what I did begin,
I am of earth, and I doe what earth may,
I am of dust, and therefore will I sin:
My life is short, what then? I'le make it longer,
My life is weake, what then? I'le make it stronger.

Verse 9

Long shall it liue in vice, though short in length,
And fetch immortall steps, from mortall stops,
Strong shall it be in sin, though weake in strength,
Like mounting Eagles, on high mountaines tops:
My honour shall bee placed in deceit,
And counterfait new shewes of little weight.



Verse 10 My pen doth almost blush at this reple,
 And faine would call him wicked to his face,
 But then his breath would answer with a lie,
 And staine my inck with an vntruths disgrace:
 Thy maister bids thee write, the pen sayes no,
 But when thy maister bids, it must be so.

Call his hart ashes: oh too mild a name,
 Call his hope vile, more viler then the earth,
 Call his life weaker then a clayeie frame,
 Call his bespotted heart, an ashy hearth:
 Ashes, earth, clay, conioyn'd to heart, hope, life,
 Are features loue, in being natures strife,

Verse 11 Thou mightst haue chose more stinging wordes then
 For this he knowes he is, and more, then lesse, (these
 In saying what he is, thou dost appease,
 The foming anger which his thoughts suppress:
 Who knowes not, if the best be made of clay,
 The worst must needs be clad in foule array.

Thou in performing of thy maisters will,
 Dost teach him to obey his lords commaunds,
 But he repugnant is, and cannot skill
 Of true adoring, with heart-heau'd vp hand:
 Hee hath a soule, a life, a breath, a name,
 Yet is he ignorant from whence they came.



My soule, saith he, is but a mappe of shoes,
No substance, but a shadow for to please,
My life doth passe, euen as a pastime goes,
A momentary time to liue at ease:
My breath a vapour, and my name of earth,
Each one decaying of the others birth.

Our conuersation best, for there is gaine,
And gaine is best in conuersations prime,
A mart of lucre in our conscience raignes,
Our thoughts as busie agents for the time:
So we get gaine ensnaring simple men,
It is no matter how, nor where, nor when.

We care not how, for all misdeedes are ours,
We care not where, if before God or man,
We care not when, but when our crafts haue powres,
In measuring deceit with mischiefes fanne:
For wherefore haue we life, forme, and ordaining,
But that we should deceiue, and still be gaining?

I made of earth, haue made al earthen shops,
And what I sell is al of earthy sale,
My pots haue earthen feete, and earthen tops,
In like resemblance of my bodies vale:
But knowing to offend the heauens more,
I made fraile images of earthy store.

T



Ver. 14 O bold accuser of his owne misdeedes,
 O heauy clod more than the earth can beare,
 Was neuer creature clothde in sauage weedes,
 Which would not blush when they this mischief heare:
 Thou toldst a tale which might haue bin vntolde.
 Making the hearers blush, the readers olde.

Let them blush still that heares, be olde that reades,
 Then boldnes shal not taigne, nor youth in vice,
 Thrice miserable they which rashly speedes,
 With expedition to this bold deuice:
 More foolish than are fooles, whose misery
 Cannot be change with new felicitie.

Ver. 15 Are not they fooles which liue without a sence,
 Haue not they misery which neuer ioy?
 Which takes an idoll for a Gods defence,
 And with their self-willd thoughts themselues destroy?
 What folly is more greater than is here?
 Or what more miserie can wel appeere?

Call you them gods which haue no seeing eyes?
 No noses for to smell, no eares to heare,
 No life but that which in deaths shadow lies,
 Which haue no hands to feele, no feete to beare:
 If gods can neither heare, liue, feele, nor see,
 A foole may make such gods of euery tree.



And what was he that made them but a foole?
Conceiuing follie in a foolish braine,
Taught and instructed in a wodden schoole,
Which made his head run of a wodden vaine:

Verse. 16

Twas man which made them, he his making had,
Man full of wood, was wood, and so ran mad.

He borrowed his life, and would restore
His borrowed essence to another death,
He saine would be a maker, though before
Was made himselfe, and God did lend him breath:

No man can make a god like to a man,
He sayes he scornes that worke, he furdre can.

He is deceiude, and in his great deceit,
He doth deceiue the folly-guided harts,
Sin lies in ambush, he for sin doth waite,
Here is deceit deceiude, in either parts:

Verse 17

His sin deceiueth him, and he his sin,
So craft with craft is mewed in either gin.

The craft-man mortall is, craft mortall is,
Each function nursing vp the others want,
His hands are mortall, deadly what is his,
Onely his sins buds in destructions plant:

Yet better he, than what he doth deuise,
For he himselfe doth liue that euer dies.

T 2



Ver. 13 Say, call you this a God? where is his head?
 Yet headlesse is he not, yet hath he none:
 Where is his godhead? fled; his power? dead;
 His raigne? decayed; and his essence? gone:
 Now tell me, is this God the God of good?
 Or else *Silvanus* monarch of the wood.

There haue I pierst his barke, for he is so,
 A wooden god, fainde as *Silvanus* was:
 But leauing him, to others let vs go,
 To senslesse beasts their new adoring glasse:
 Beasts which did liue in life, yet died in reason,
 Beasts which did seasons eate, yet knew no season,

Ver. 19 Can mortall bodies, and immortall soules
 Keepe one knit vnion of a liuing loue?
 Can sea with land? can fish agree with foules?
 Tygers with lambes, a serpent with a doue?
 Oh no, they cannot; then say, why doe wee,
 Adore a beast which is our enemy.

What greater foe than folly vnto wit?
 What more deformitie than vgly face?
 This disagrees, for follie is vnfit,
 The other contrary to beauties place:
 Then how can senslesse heads, deformed shoes,
 Agree with you when they are both your foes?



H call that word againe, they are your friends *Ucr. 1*
 Your liues associats, and your loues content,
 That which begins in them, your follie ends,
 Then how can vice with vice be discontent:
 Beholde deformitie sits on your heads,
 Not hornes but scornes, not visage but whole beds.

Beholde a heap of sins your bodies pale,
 A mountaine-ouerwhelming villany,
 Then tell me, are you clad in beauties vail?
 Or in destructions pale-dead liuerie:
 Their life demonstrates, now aliue now dead,
 Tormented with the beasts which they haue fed.

You like to Pelicans haue fed your death, *Ucr. 2 3*
 With follies-vaine let bloud, from follies veyne,
 And almost sterude your selues, stopt vp your breath,
 Had not Gods mercie helpt, and easde your paine,
 Beholde a new-found meat, the Lord did send,
 Which taught you to be new, and to amend,

A strange disgested nutriment, even quailles,
 Which taught them to be strange vnto misdeeds,
 When you implore his aide, he neuer failes,
 To fill their hunger, whom repentance feeds:
 You see when life was halfe at deaths arrest,
 Hee new created life at hungers feast.

T 3



The wisedome of Solomon

Verse. 4

Say, is your God like this, whom you adoi'd,
 Or is this God like to your handie frame,
 If so, his power could not then afford,
 Such influence which floweth from his name:

Hee is not painted, made of wood and stone,
 But he substantiall is, and rules alone.

He can oppresse, and helpe, helpe, and oppresse,
 The sinfull incolants of his made earth,
 He can redresse, and paine, paine, and redresse,
 The mountaine-miseries of mortall birth:

Now tyrants you are next, this but a show,
 And merry index of your after woe.

Ver. 5 6

Your hot-colde misery is now at hand,
 Hot because furies heat, and mercies colde,
 Cold because limping, knit in frosty band,
 And cold and hot in being shamefast-bolde:

They cruell were, take crueltie their part,
 For misery is but too meane a smart.

But when the Tygers iawes, the Serpents stings,
 Did summon them vnto this lifes decay,
 A pardon for their faults thy mercy brings,
 Cooling thy wrath with pitties sunnie day:

O tyrants tere your sin-bemired weeds,
 Beholde your pardon scalde by mercies deeds.



That sting which pained could not ease the paine,
Those iaws that wounded, could not cure the wounds
To turne to stings for helpe, it were but vaine,
To iawes for mercie, which wants mercies bounds:
The stings, ô Sauour, were puld out by thee,
Their iawes claspt vp, in midst of crueltie.

Ver. 7 8

O soueraigne salue, stop to a bloody streame,
O heauenly care and cure, for dust and earth,
Celestiall watch to wake terrestriall dreame,
Dreaming in punishment, mourning in mirth,
Now knowes our enemies, that it is thee,
Which helpes and cures, our grieve and misery.

Our punishment doth end, theirs new begins,
Our day appears, their night is not oreblowne,
Wee pardon haue, they punishment for sins,
Now we are raise, now they are ouerthrowne:
Wee with huge beasts opprest, they with a flie,
Wee liue in God, and they against God die.

Ver. 9

A flie, poore flie, to follow such a flight,
Yet art thou fed, as thou wast fed before,
With dust and earth, feeding thy wonted bite,
With selfe-like food, from mortall earthly store:
A mischiefe-stinging food, and sting with sting,
Do ready passage to destruction bring.



The wisdom of Solomon

Verse. 10 Man being grasse is hopt and graz'd vpon,
With sucking grasse-hoppers of weeping dew,
Man being earth is wormes vermilion,
Which eats the dust, and yet of bloody hue:
In being grasse he is her grazing food,
In being dust he doth the wormes some good.

These smallest actors were of greatest paine,
Of follies ouerthrow, of mischiefes fall,
But yet the furious dragons could not gaine,
The life of those whom verities exhale:
These follie overcame, they foolish were,
These mercie cur'd, and cures, these godly are.

Ver. 11 When poysoned iawes and veninated stings,
Were both as opposite against content,
(Because content with that which fortune brings,)
They eas'd were, when thou thy mercies sent:
The iawes of dragons had not hungers fill,
Nor stings of serpents a desire to kill,

Appal'd they were, and struck with timorous feares,
For where is feare, but where destruction raignes;
Agast they were, with wet eye-standing teares,
Outward commencers of their inward paines:
They soone were hurt, but sooner healde and cured,
Lest black obliuion had their minds injured.



The lion wounded with a fatall blow,
Is as impatient as a king in rage,
Seeing himselfe in his owne bloody show,
Doth rent the harbour of his bodies cage:
Scorning the base house of earth, mounts to the skie,
To see if heauen can yeeld him remedy.

Oh sinfull man, let him example be,
A patterne to thine eye, glasse to thy face,
That Gods diuine word is cure to thee,
Not earth, but heauen, not man, but heauenly grace:
Nor hearb, nor plaister, could help teeth or sting,
But twas thy word which healeth euery thing.

We fooles lay salues vpon our bodies skin,
But neuer drawe corruption from our minde,
We lay a plaister for to keepe in sin,
We drawe forth filth, but leaue the cause behinde:
With hearbs and plaisters we do guard misdeedes,
And pare away the tops, but leaue the seedes.

Verse 13

Away with salues, and take our Sauours word,
In this word Sauour lies immortall ease,
What can thy cures, plaisters, and hearbs afford?
When God hath power to please and to displease:
God hath the power of life, death, help, and paine,
He leadeth downe, and bringeth vp againe.

V



Ver. 14 15 Trust to thy downefall, not vnto thy raife,
 So shalt thou liue in death, not die in life,
 Thou dost presume, if giue thy selfe the praise,
 For vertues time is scarce, but mischiefes rise:
 Thou mayst offend, mans nature is so vaine,
 Thou now in ioy, beware of after paine,

First commeth fury, after fury thirst,
 After thirst, blood, and after blood, a death,
 Thou mayst in fury kill, whome thou louedst first,
 And so in quelling blood, stop thine owne breath:
 And murder done, can neuer be vndone,
 Nor can that soule once liue, whose life is gone.

Ver. 16 What is the body but an earthen case,
 That subiect is to death, because earth dies?
 But when the liuing soule doth want Gods grace,
 It dies in ioy, and liues in miseries:
 This soule is led by God, as others were,
 But not brought vp againe as others are.

This stirs no prouocation to amend,
 For earth hath many partners in one fall,
 Although the Lord doth many tokens send,
 As warnings for to heare when he doth call:
 The earth was burnt & drownd with fire & raine,
 And one could neuer quench the others paine.



Although both foes, God made them then both friends, *Ver. 17*
And onely foes to them which were their foes,
That hate begun in earth what in them ends,
Sins enemies they which made friends of those:
Both bent both forces vnto single earth,
From whose descent they had their double birth.

Tis strange that water should not quench a fire,
For they were heating-cold, and cooling hot,
Tis strange that wailes could not allay desire,
Wailes waters kinde, and fire desires knot:
In such a cause, though enemies before,
They would ioyne friendship to destroy the more.

The often weeping eies of drie lament,
Doth powre forth burning water of despaire, *Verse 18*
Which warms the caues frō whence the tears are sent,
And like hot fumes, do foule their natures faire:
This contrary to icie-waters vale,
Doth scorch the cheekes, & makes them red & pale.

Here fire and water are conioynde in one,
Within a red-white glasse of hote and cold,
Their fire like this, double and yet alone,
Raging, and tame, and tame, and yet was bold:
Tame when the beasts did kill, and felt no fire,
Raging vpon the causers of their ire.



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 19 Two things may well put on two severall natures,
 Because they differ in each natures kind,
 They differing colours haue, and differing features,
 If so, how comes it that they haue one minde?
 God made them friends, let this the answer be,
 They get no other argument of me.

What is impossible to Gods command?
 Nay, what is possible to mans vaine care?
 Tis much he thinkes that fire should burne a land,
 When mischief is the brand which fiers beare:
 He thinkes it more, that water should beare fire,
 Then know it was Gods will, now leaue t'enquire.

Ver. 20 Yet mightst thou aske, because importunate,
 How God preferre the good; why? because good,
 Ill fortune made not them infortunate,
 They Angells were, and fed with Angells food:
 Yet maist thou say (for trueth is alwayes had)
 That raine falles on the good aswell as bad.

And say it doth; farre be the letter P.
 From R, because of a more reuerent stile,
 It cannot doe without suppression be,
 These are two barres against destructions wile:
 Paine without changing P cannot be raine,
 Raine without changing R can not be paine.



Both sunne and raine are portions to the ground,
And ground is dust, and what is dust but nought?
And what is nought is naught, with Alphaes sound,
Yet euery earth the sunne and raine hath bought:
The sunne doth shine on weeds, as well as flowers,
The raine on both distills her weeping showers.

Yet far be death from breath, annoy from ioy,
Destruction from all happines allines,
God will not suffer famine to destroy,
The hungry appetite of vertues signes:
These were in mid'st of fire, yet not harmed,
In mid'st of water, yet but cooldé, and warmed.

And water-wet they were, not water-drowned, *Verse 22*
And fire-hot they were, not fire-burned, (ned:
Their foes were both, whose hopes destruction crow-
But yet with such a crowne which ne'er returned,
Heere fire and water brought both ioy and paine,
To one disprofit, to the other gaine.

The sunne doth thaw what colde hath freezde before,
Vndoing what congealed ice had done,
Yet heere the haile and snow did freeze the more,
In hauing heat more piercing then the sunne
A mournfull spectacle vnto their eyes,
That as they die so their fruition dyes.



Ver. 23 24 Fury once kindled with the coles of rage,
 Doth houer vnrecall'd, slaughters vntam'd;
 This wrath on fire no pittie coulde asswage,
 Because they pittilesse which should be blam'd:
 As one in rage, which cares not who he haue,
 Forgetting who to kil and who to saue.

One deadly foe is fierce against the other,
 As vice with vertue, vertue against vice,
 Vice hartned by death his hartlesse mother,
 Vertue by God, the life of her deuiſe:
 Tis hard to hurt or harme a villany,
 Tis easy to do good to verity.

Ver. 25 26 Is grasse mans meat, no it is cattells food,
 But man doth eat the cattell which eats grasse,
 And feeds his carcasſe, with their nurst vp blood,
 Lengthning the liues which in a moment passe:
 Grasse is good food if it be ioynde with grace,
 Else sweeter foode may take a sower place;

Is there such life in water and in bread?
 In fish, in flesh, in hearbs, in growing flowers,
 Wee eat them not aliue, wee eat them dead,
 What fruit then hath the word of liuing powers?
 How can wee liue with that which is still dead?
 Thy grace it is, by which we all are fed.



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 16

Ver. 27 28

This is a liuing food, a blessed meat,
Made to digest the burthen at our harts,
That leaden-weighted food, which we first eat,
To fill the functions of our bodiēs parts:
An indigested heape, without a meane,
Wanting thy grace, o Lord, to make it cleane.

That ice which sulphure vapours could not thaw,
That haile which piercing fier could not bere,
The coole-hot sunne did melt their frosty iaw,
Which neither heat nor fire, could pierce before:
Then let vs take the spring-time of the day,
Before the haruest of our ioyes decay.

A day may be deuided as a yeare,
Into foure climes, though of it selfe but one,
The morne, the spring, the noone, the summers sphere,
The haruest next, euening the winters moone:
Then sowe new seeds in euery new dayes spring,
And reape new fruite, in dayes olds euening.

Verse 29

Else if too late: they will bee blasted seeds,
If planted at the noonetide of their growing,
Commencers of yothankfull too late deeds,
Set in the haruest of the reapers going:
Melting like winter-ice against the sunne,
Flowing like follies tide, and neuer done.



Verse 1

O flie the bed of vice the lodge of sin,
 Sleep not too long in your destructions pleasures
 Amend your wicked liues, and new begin,
 A more new perfect way to heauens treasures:
 Oh rather wake and weep, then sleep and ioy,
 Waking is truth, sleep is a flattring toy.

O take the morning of your instant good,
 Be not benighted with obliuious eye,
 Behold the sunne which kisseth *Neptunes* fload,
 And resalutes the world with open skie:
 Else sleep, and euer sleep: Gods wrath is great,
 And will not alter with too late intreat,

Verse 2

Why wake I them which haue a sleeping minde,
 Oh words, sad sargiants to arrest my thoughts,
 If wakt, they cannot see, their eyes are blinde,
 Shut vp like windolets which sleep hath bought:
 Their face is broad awake, but not their hart,
 They dreame of rising, yet are loth to start.

These were the practisers how to betray,
 The simple-righteous with beguiling words,
 And bring them in subiection to obay
 Their irreligious lawes and sins accords:
 But nights black coloured vale did cloud their will,
 And made their wish rest in performance skill.



The darkeſome clouds, are ſummoners of raine,
In being ſomthing blacke, and ſomthing darke,
But cole-blacke clouds makes it poure downe amaine,
Darting forth thunderbolts and lightnings ſparke:
Sin of it ſelfe is black, but black with black,
Augments the heaue burthen of the back.

They thought that ſins could hide their ſinfull ſhames,
In being demi-clouds, and ſemi-nights,
But they had clouds enough to make their games,
Lodg'd in black coverings of obliuious nights:
Then was their vice afraid to lie ſo darke,
Troubled with viſions from *Alaſtors* parke.

The greater poyſon, beares the greater ſway,
The greateſt force, hath ſtill the greateſt face,
Should night miſſe courſe, it would infect the day,
With foule riſſe vapours from a humorous place,
Vice hath ſome clouds, but yet the night hath more,
Beauſe the night was fram'd and made before.

That ſin which makes afraid, was then afraid,
Although enchambred in a dens content,
That would not driue back feare, which comes repai'd,
Nor yet the ecchoes which the viſions ſent:
Both ſounds and ſhowes, both words and action,
Made apparitions ſatiſfaction.



Ver. 5 A night in pitchie mantle of distresse,
 Made thick with mists and opposite to light,
 As if *Cocytus* mansion did possesse,
 The gloomy vapours of suppressing sight,
 A night more vgly then *Alastors* pack,
 Mounting all nights vpon his night-made back.

The moone did mourne in fable-futed vale,
 The stars her handmaids were in black attire,
 All nightly visions tolde a hideous tale,
 The scrich-owles made the earth their dismall quire:
 The moone and stars dinide their twineckling eies,
 To lighten vice, which in obliuion lyes,

Ver. 6 Onely appear'd a fire in dolefull blaze,
 Kindled by furies, raisde by enuious winds,
 Dreadfull in sight, which put them to amaze,
 Hauing before, furie-despairing minds:
 What haire in reading, would not stand vpright,
 What pen in writing, would not cease to write

Fire is Gods Angell, because bright and cleare,
 But this an euill Angell, because dread,
 Euill to them, which did already feare,
 A second death to them which were once dead:
 Annexing horror to dead stricken life,
 Connexing dolor to liue natures strife.



Deceit was then deceau'd, treason betrayde,
Mischiefe beguilde, a night surpasing night,
Vice fought with vice, and feare was then dismayde,
Horror it selfe appal'd at such a sight:

Sin s snare was then ensnarde, the fisher caught,
Sinnes net was then entrapt, the fouler fought,

Yet all this conflict, was but in a dreame,
A show of substance, and a shade of truth,
Illusions for to mocke in flattering theame,
Beguiling mischief with a glasse of ruth:

For boasts require a fall, and vaunts a shame,
Which two vice had, in thinking but to game.

Sinne tolde her creditours, she was a Queene, Verse 8

And now become reuenge, to right their wrong,

With hony-mermaids speech alluring seene,

Making new-pleasing words, with her olde tongue:

If you be sick, quoth she, I'll make you whole,

Shee cures the body, but makes sicke the soule.

Safe is the body, when the soule is wounded,

The soule is ioyfull in the bodies grieve,

Ones ioy vpon the others sorrow grounded,

Ones sorrow placed in the ones reliefe:

Quoth sin, feare nothing, know that I am heere,

When shee alas, her selfe was sick for feare.



Ver. 9 A promise worthy of denitions place,
 That feare shoulde helpe a feare, when both are one,
 Shee was as sick in hart, though not in face,
 With inward grieffe, though not with outward mone:
 But shee clapt vp the closure of the tongue,
 For feare that words should do her body wrong.

Cannot the body weepe without the eies?
 Yes and frame deepest canzons of lament,
 Cannot the body feare, without it lies
 Vpon the outward shew of discontent:
 Yes, yes, the deeper feare sits in the heart,
 And keeps the parliament of inward smart,

Ver. 10 So sin did snare in minde, and not in face,
 The dragons jaw, the hissing serpents sting,
 Some liu'd, some dide, some ran a tearefull race,
 Some did preuent that which ill fortunes bring:
 All were officious seruitours to feare,
 And her pale connizance in heart did weare.

Malice condemnd her selfe guiltie of hate,
 With a malicious mouth of enuious spight,
 For *Nemesis* is her owne cruell fate,
 Turning her wrath vpon her owne delight:
 Wee need no witnes for a guiltie thought,
 Which to condemne it selfe a thousand brought.



For feare deceiues it selfe in being feare,
It feares it selfe in being still afraid,
It feares to weepe, and yet it sheds a teare,
It feares it selfe, and yet it is obaid:
The vsur vnto death, a death to doome,
A doome to die in horrors fearefull toome.

Ver. 11 12

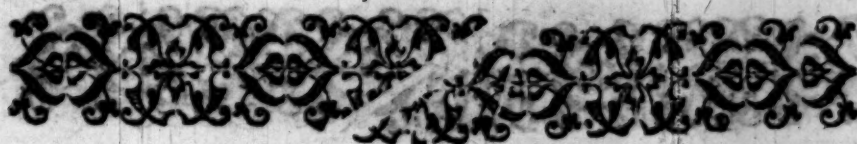
His owne betrayer, yet feares to betray,
He feares his life, by reason of his name,
He feares lament, because it brings decay,
And blames himselfe in that he merites blame:
He is tormented, yet denies the paine,
He is the king of feare, yet loath to raigne.

His sons were they which slept and dreamt of feare,
A waking sleepe, and yet a sleepy waking,
Which pass't that night more longer than a yeare,
Being griefes prisners, and of sorrowes taking:
Slept in nights dungeon insupportable,
Lodg'd in nights horror too indurable.

Ver. 13

Oh sleepe, the image of long-lasting woe,
Oh waking image of long-lasting sleepe,
The hollow caue where visions come and goe;
Where serpents hisse, where mandrakes growe & creep
Oh fearefull shew, betrayer of a soule,
Dieng each heart in white, each whi'ce in foule.

X. 3



Ver. 14 15 A guilefull hole, a prison of deceit,
 Yet not deceit, nor guile, in being dead,
 Snare without snarer, net without a bait,
 A common lodge, and yet without a bed:
 A holow-sounding vault, knowne and vnknowne,
 Yet not for mirth, but too too well for mone.

Tis a free prison a chaine libertie,
 A freedomes caue, a sergeant and a baile,
 It keepes close prisoners, yet doth set them free,
 Their clogges not yron, but a clog of waile:
 It stayes them not, and yet they cannot goe,
 Their chaine is discontent, their prison woe.

Ver. 16 Still it did gape for more, and still more had,
 Like greedy auarice without content,
 Like to *Aueruus* which is neuer glad,
 Before the dead-liude wicked soules be sent:
 Pull in thy head thou sorrowes tragedy,
 And leaue to practise thy olde cruelty.

The merry shepheard cannot walke alone,
 Tuning sweete Madrigals of haruests ioy,
 Caruing loues Roundelayes on euery stone,
 Hanging on euery tree some amorous toy:
 But thou with sorrow enterlines his song,
 Opening thy iawes of death to do him wrong.



Oh now I know thy chaine, thy clog, thy fetter,
Thy treechainde prison, and thy clogged walke,
Tis gloomy darknesse, sins eternall detter,
Tis poysoned buds, from Acharonticke stalke:

Ver. 17 18

Sometime tis hissing winds which are their bands,
Sometime enchanting birds which binds their hands

Sometime the foaming rage of waters streame,
Or clattring downe of stones vpon a stone,
Or skipping beasts at *Titans* gladsome beame,
Or roaring lions noyse at one alone:

Or babbling Eccho tell-tale of each sound,
From mouth to skie, from skie vnto the ground.

Can such like feares folow mans mortall pace,
Within drie wildernes of wettest woe,
It was Gods providence, his will, his grace,
To make midnoone midnight in being so:
Midnight with sin, midnoone where vertue lay,
That place was night, all other places day.

Ver. 19 20

The sun not past the middle line of course,
Did cleerely shine vpon each labours gaine,
Not hindring daily royle of mortall force,
Nor clouding earth with any gloomy staine:
Onely nights image was apparant there,
With heavy-leadene appetite of feare.



Verse. 1



Thou know the Eagle by her soaring wings,
And how the Swallow takes a lower pitch:
Ye know the day is clear, & clearenes brings,
And how the night is pore, though gloomy

This Eagle vertue is which mounts on hie, (rich:
The other sin which hates the heauens eie.

This day is wisdome, being bright and cleare,
This night is mischief, being blacke and fowle,
The brightest day doth wisdomes glory weare,
The pitchie night puts on a blacker rowle:

Thy saints (O Lord) were at their labors hire,
At whose heard voyce the wicked did admire.

Ver. 2

They thought that vertue had beene clothde in night,
Captiue to darknesse, prisoner vnto hell,
But it was sin it selfe, vice, and despight,
(Whose wished harbours do in darknesse dwell,
Vertues immortall soule had middaies light,
Mischiefes eternall soule had middaies night.

For vertue is not subiect vnto vice,
But vice is subiect vnto vertues seate,
One mischief is not thawed with others ice,
But more adioynde to one, makes one more great:
Sin vertues captiue is, and kneeles for grace,
Requesting pardon for her rude-run race,



Paraphrased.

CHAP. 18

Ver. 3

The tongue of vertues life cannot pronounce
The doome of death, or death of dying doome,
Tis mercifull, and will not once renounce
Repentant teares to wash a sinfull roome:
Your sin-shine was not sun-shine of delight,
But shining sin in mischiefes sunny night.

Now by repentance you are bathde in blisse,
Blest in your bath, eternall by your deedes,
Behold you haue true light, and can not misse,
The heau'nly foode which your saluation feedes:
True loue, true life, true light, your portions true,
What hate, what strife, what night can danger you?

Oh happy, when you parde your oregrowne faults, *Verse 4*
Your sin-like Eagles clawes past growth of time,
All vndermined with destructions vaults,
Full of olde filth, proceeding from new slime:
Else had you beene deformed like to those,
Which were your frinds, but now becom your foes

Those which are worthy of eternall paine,
Foes which are worthy of immortall hate,
Dimming the glory of thy childrens gaine,
With cloudy vapours set at darknesse rate:
Making new lawes which are too olde in crime:
Making old-wicked lawes, serue a new time,

Y



The wisedome of Solomon

Ver. 5 Wicked? no: bloody lawes, bloody? yea worse,
 If any worke may haue a worser name,
 Men: oh no, murderers, not of mens remorse,
 For they are shamefull, these exempt from shame:
 What? shall I call them slaughter-drinking hearts:
 To good a word for their too ill defaults

Murder was in their thoughts, they thought to slay,
 And who? poore infants; harmelesse innocents,
 But murder cannot sleepe, it will betray
 Her murderous selfe, with selfe disparagements:
 One child poore remnant did reprocue their deeds,
 And God destroyd the bloody murderers seedes.

Verse 6 Was God destroyer then? no he was iust,
 A iudge seuerer, yet of a kinde remorse,
 Seuerer to those in whome there was no trust,
 Kind to the babes which were of little force:
 Poor babes half murdered in whole murders thought,
 Had not one infant their escaping wrought.

Twass God which breathde his spirit in the childe,
 The lue'ly image of his selfe-like face,
 Twass God which drownd their childrē, which defilde
 Their thoughts with blood, their hearts with murders;
 For that nights tidings our old fathers ioyd, (place:
 Because their foes by water were destroyd,



Ver. 7

Was God a murderer in this tragedy?
No, but a iudge how bloud should be repaid:
Wait he which gaue them vnto misery?
No, twas them selues which miseries obaid:
Their thoughts did kill and slay within their hearts,
Murdring them selues, wounding their inward patts.

When shines the sun, but when the moone doth rest?
When rests the sun, but when the moone doth shine?
When ioyes the righteous? when their foes are least,
And when doth vertue liue? when vice doth pine:
Vertue doth liue when villany doth die,
Wisedome doth smile when misery doth crie.

Ver. 8

The summer dayes are longer than the nights,
The winter nights are longer than the dayes,
They shew both vertues loues and vices spites,
Sins lowest fall, and wisedomes highest raise:
The night is foe to day, as naught to good,
The day is foe to night, as feare to food,

A king may weare a crowne, but full of strife,
The outward shew of a small-lasting space,
Mischiefe may liue, but yet a deadly life,
Sorrow may greue in heart, and ioy in face:
Vertue may liue disturbd with vices paine,
God sends this vertue a more better raigne.

Y 2



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 9 She doth possesse a crowne, and not a care,
 Yet cares, in hauing none, but selfe-like awe,
 She hath a scepter without care or feare,
 Yet feares the Lord, and careth for the lawe:
 As much as she doth rise, so much sin falles,
 Subiect vnto her law, slaue to her calles.

Now righteousnesse beares sway, and vice put downe,
 Vertue is Queene, treading on mischiefes head,
 The lawe of God sancited with renowne,
 Religion placde in wisdomes quiet bed:
 Now ioyfull hymnes are tuned by delight,
 And now we liue in loue, and not in spite.

Ver. 10 Strong-hearted vices sobs haue pierst the ground,
 In the deepe cesterne of the centers breast,
 Wayling their liuing fortunes with dead sound,
 Accents of grieffe, and actions of vnrest:
 It is not sin her selfe, it is her seede,
 Which drawnd in sea, lies there for seas foule weed.

It is the fruit of murders bloody wombe,
 The lost fruition of a murderous race,
 A little stone which would haue made a tombe,
 To bury verrue with a sin-bolde face:
 Me thinkes I heare the ecchoes of the vaults,
 Sound and resound their old-new-weeping faults.



View the dead carcasses of humane state,
The outsides of the soule, case of the harts,
Beholde the king, beholde the subiects fate,
Beholde each lim and bone of earthen arts:
Tell me the difference then of euery thing,
And who a subiect was, and who a king.

The selfe same knowledge lies in this dead scene,
Valde to the tragike cipresse of lament,
Beholde that man, which hath a maister beene,
That king, which would haue climde aboue content,
Beholde their slaues, by them vpon the earth,
Haue now as high a seat as great a birth.

The ground hath made all euen which were odde,
Those equall, which had inequalitie,
Yet all alike were fashioned by God
In bodies forme, but not in harts degree:
One difference had, in scepter, crowne, and throne,
Yet crown'd, rul'd, plac'd, in care in grieve in mone.

Korse 12

For it was care to weare a crowne of grieffe,
And it was grieffe to weare a crowne of care,
The king deaths subiect, death his empires theefe,
Which makes vnequall state, and equall fare,
More dead then were aliue, and more to die,
Then would be buried with a mortall eie.

Y 3



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 13 O well-fed earth with ill digesting food,
 O well-ill food, because both flesh and sin,
 Sin made it sick, which neuer did it good,
 Sin made it well, her well, doth worse begin:
 The earth more hungry then was *Tantalus*'s iawes,
 Had flesh and blood held in her earthen pawes.

Now could beleefe some quiet harbour finde,
 When all her foes were mantled in the ground,
 Before their sin-enchautments made it blind,
 Their magick arts, their negromantick sound:
 Now truth hath got some place to speake and heare,
 And what so ere shee speaks, shee doth not feare,

14 15 16 When *Phæbe* axletree, was limnd with pale,
 Pale, which becommeth night, night which is blacke;
 Hem'd round about with gloomy shining vale,
 Borne vp by cloudes, mounted on silence backe?
 And when nights horses, in the running waine,
 Oretook the middest of their iournies paine.

Thy worde ô Lord descended from thy throne,
 The royall mansion of thy powers command,
 As a fierce man of war in time of mone,
 Standing in midst of the destroyed land:
 And brought thy precept as a burning steauen,
 Reaching from heauē to earth, from earth to heauen

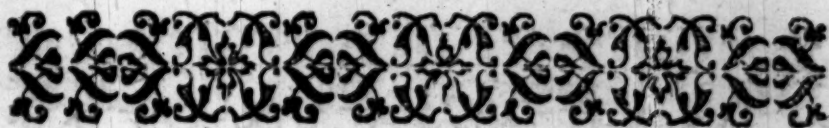


Now was the night far spent, and mornings wings, Ver. 17
 Flew through sleepe thoughts and made them dream,
 Hying apace to welcome sunny springs,
 And giue her time of day to *Phæbus* beame:
 No sooner had she flowne vnto the east,
 But dreamy passage did disturb their rest.

And then like sleepe-wakiug harts and eyes,
 Turn'd vp the fainting closures of their faces,
 Which betweene day and night in slumber lies,
 Keeping their wake, and their sleepe places:
 And loe, a fearing dreame, and dreaming feare,
 Made euery eye let fall a sleepe teare.

A teare halfe wet from they themselues halfe liude, Ver. 18 19
 Poore drie-wet teare, too moyst a wet-drie face,
 A white-red face, whose red-white colour striude,
 To make anotomy of either place:
 Two champions both resolu'd in faces field,
 And both had halfe yet either scornde to yeeld.

They which were wont to mount aboue the ground,
 Hath leaden-quick-glude sinewes forst to lie,
 One here one there in prison, yet vnbound,
 Heart- striuing life and death to liue and die:
 Nor were they ignorant of fates decree,
 In being tolde before what they should bee.



The wisdom of Solomon

VER. 20

There falsest visions shewde the truest cause,
 False because fantasies, true because haps,
 For dreames though kindled by sleep-idle pause,
 Sometime true indices of dangers claps:
 As well doth proue in these sin-sleeping lines,
 That dreames are falsest shewes, and truest signes.

By this time death had longer pilgrimage,
 And was engaged in more liuing breasts,
 Now euery ship had fleeting anchorage,
 Both good and bad were punisht with vnrests:
 But yet Gods heauie plague indur'd not long,
 For anger quencht her selfe with her selfe wrong.

VER. 21

Not so, for heat can neuer coole with heat,
 Nor colde can warme a colde, nor ice thaw ice,
 Anger is fire, and fire is angers meat,
 Then how can anger coole her hot deuice?
 The sunne, doth thaw the ice, with melting harme,
 Ice cannot coole the sunne, which makes it warme.

It was celestiall fire, terrestriall cold,
 It was celestiall colde, terrestriall fire,
 A true and holy praier which is bolde,
 To coole the heat of angers hot desire:
 Pronounced by a seruant of thy word,
 To ease the miseries which wraths afford.



Verse. 22

Weapons and wit are double linkes of force,
If one vnknit they both haue weaker strength,
The longer be the chaine, the longer corse,
If meafurde by duplicitie of length:
If weapons faile wit is the better part,
Wit failing: weapons haue the weaker hart,

Praier is weake in strength, yet strong in wit,
And can do more then strength, in being wife,
Thy word, ó Lord, is wifdome, and in it,
Doth lie more force, then forces can surprize:
Man did not ouercome his foes with armes.
But with thy word, which conquers greater harms

That word it was, with which the world was framde, *Verse 23*
The heauens made, mortalitie ordain'd,
That word it was, with which all men were namde,
In which one word, there are all words containde:
The breath of God, the life of mortall state,
The enimie to vice, the foe to hate.

When death preft downe the fin-dead-liuing foules,
And draw'd the curtaine of their seeing day,
This word was vertues shield, and deaths controules,
Which shielded those which neuer went astray:
For when the dead did die, and end in fin;
The liuing had affurance to begin.

A a



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 24 Are all these deeds accomplisht in one word,
 O soueraigne word, cheefe of all words and deeds,
 O salve of saine, wildomes strongest sword,
 Both food, and hunger, which both starues, and feeds:
 Food vnto life, because of liuing power,
 Hunger to those, whome death and sins deuoure.

For they which liu'd, were those which vertue lou'd,
 And those which vertue lou'd, did loue to liue,
 Thrice happy these, whom no destruction mou'd,
 Shee present there, which loue and life did giue:
 They bore the mottoes of eternall fame,
 On diapasans of their fathers name.

Ver. 25 Here death did change his pale to purple hue,
 Blushing against the nature of his face,
 To see such bright aspects, such splendent view,
 Such heau'nly paradise of earthly grace:
 And hid with lifes quick force, his ebon dart,
 Within the crannies of his meagre hart,

Descending to the place from whence he came,
 With rich-stor'd chariot of fresh bleeding wounds,
 Sore-greued bodies, from a soules-sick name,
 Sore-greued soules, in bodies-sin-sick sounds :
 Death was afraide to stay where life should be,
 For they are foes and cannot well agree.





Vant destroyer with thy hungry iawes,
Thy thirsty heart, thy longing ashie bones,
The righteous liue, they be not in thy lawes,
Nor subiects to thy deepe oppressing mones:

Verse. 1 2

Let it suffice that we haue scene thy show,
And tasted but the shadow of thy woe.

Yet stay and bring thy empty car againe,
More ashie vesselles do attend thy pace,
More passengers expect thy comming waine,
More groaning pilgrimes long to see thy face:
Wrath now attends the passage of misdeeds,
And thou shalt still be stor'd with soules that bleeds,

Somelie halfe dead, while others dig their graues,
With weake-forst teares, to moyst a long-drie ground
But teares on teares, in time will make whole waues,
To bury sin with ouerwhelming sound:
Their eies for mattocks serue, their teares for spades,
And they them selues, are sextons by their trades.

Verse 3

What is their fee? lament, their paiment? woe,
Their labour? waile, their practise? miserie,
And can their conscience serue to labour so,
Yes, yes, because it helpeth villanie:
Though eies did stand in teares, and teares in eyes,
They did another solishnes deuise.

Aa 2



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 4 5 So that what praier did, sin did vndoe,
 And what the eies did win the heart did loose,
 Whom vertue reconcilde, vice did forgoe,
 Whom vertue did forgoe, that vice did choose:
 Oh had their hearts beene iust, eyes had bin winners
 Their eyes were iust, but hearts new sins beginners.

They digd true graues with eyes, but not with hearts,
 Repentance in their face, vice in their thought,
 Their deluing eies did take the Sextons partes,
 The heart vndid the labour which eies wrought:
 A new strange death was portion for their toyle,
 While vertue sate as iudge to end the broyle.

Ver. 6 Had tongue bin ioynde with eies, tong had not strai'd,
 Had eyes bin ioynd to heart, heart then had scene,
 But oh, in wanting eye-sight it betrai'd,
 The dungeon of mildeeds where it had beene:
 So, many liuing in this orbe of woe,
 Haue heau'd-vp eyes, but yet their hearts are low.

This chaunge of sin, did make a chaunge of feature,
 A new strange death, a misery vntoulde,
 A new reforme of every olde-new creature,
 New seruing offices, which time made olde:
 New liuing vertue, from an olde dead sin,
 Which ends in ill what doth in good begin.



Ver. 7

When death did reape the haruest of despight,
The wicked cares of sin, and mischiefes seed,
Filling the mansion of eternall night,
With heauy-leaden clods of sinfull breed:
Life sowde the plants of immortalitie,
To welcome olde-made new felicity.

The clouds, the gloomy curtaines of the aire,
Drawne and redrawne with the foure-winged winds,
Made all of borrowed vapours, darke some faire;
Did ouershaue their tents, which vertue findes,
The red seas deepe, was made a drie trod way,
Without impediment, or stop, or stay.

Ver. 8 9

The thirsty windes with ouertoyling puffes,
Did drinke the ruddy-oceans water drie,
Tearing the Zones hot-cold, whole-ragged ruffes,
With ruffling conflicts in the field of skie:
So, that drie earth did take wet waters place,
With sandy mantle, and hard grounded face.

That way which neuer was a way before,
Is now a troden path, which was vntrod,
Through which the people went, as on a shoare,
Defended by the stretcht-out arme of God:
Praising his wondrous workes, his mighty hand,
Making the land of sea, the sea of land.

A a 3



Ver. 10 That breast where anger slept, is mercies bed,
 That breast where mercy wakes is angers caue;
 When mercie liues, then *Nemesis* is dead,
 And one for eithers coarſe makes others graue:
 Hate furtowes vp a graue, to bury loue,
 And loue doth preſſe downe hate, it cannot moue.

This breast is God, which euer wakes in both,
 Anger is his reuenge, mercy his loue,
 He ſent them flies in ſteade of cattels growth,
 And multitudes of frogges for fiſhes ſtroue:
 Here was his anger ſhewne, and his remorse,
 When hee did make dry land of water courſe.

Ver. 11 The ſequele prooues what actor is the chiefe,
 All things beginning knowes, but none their end,
 The ſequele vnto mirth, is weeping griete,
 As doth miſhaps with happineſſe contend:
 For both are agents in this orbe of weeping,
 And one doth wake, when other falles a ſleeping.

Yet, ſhould mans eies pay tribute euery hower,
 With tributarie teares to ſorrowes ſhrine,
 He would all drowne himſelfe with his owne ſhower
 And neuer finde the leaſe of mercies line:
 They in Gods anger wailde, in his loue ioyd,
 Their loue brought luſt, ere loue had luſt deſtroyd.



The sun of ioy dride vp their teare-wet eies,
And late as Lord vpon their sobbing hart,
For when one comfort liues, one sorrow dies,
Or ends in mirth what it begunne in smart:
What greater grieve than hunger-starued moode?
What greater mirth than satisfying toode?

Quailes from the fishy bosome of the sea,
Came to their comforts which were liuing starude,
But punishments tell in the sinners way,
Sent downe by thunderbolts which they deserude:
Sin-fed these sinners were, hate cherished,
According vnto both they perished.

Sin-fed, because their food was seed of sins,
And bred new sin with olde-digested meate,
Hate cherished, in being hatreds twins,
And sucking cruelty from tygers teate:
Was it not sin to erre and goe astray?
Was it not hate to stop a strangers way?

Was it not sin to see, and not to know?
Was it not sin to knowe, and not recciue?
Was it not hate to be a strangers foe,
And make them captiues which did them releue?
Yes, it was greatest sin first for to leaue them,
And it was greatest hate last to deceiue them.



Ver. 14 Oh hungry Canniballes which know no fill,
 But still do staruing feed, and feeding starue,
 How could you so deceiue? how could you spill
 Their louing selues, which did your selues preserue?
 Why did you sucke your pellican to death,
 Which fed you too too wel with his owne breath?

Oh say that cruelty can haue no lawe,
 And then you speake with a milde-cruel tongue,
 Or say that auarice lodgde in your iawe,
 And then you do your selues but little wrong:
 Say what you will, for what you say is spight,
 Gainst ill-come strangers which did merite right.

Ver. 15 You lay in ambush, oh deceitfull snares,
 Inticing baites, beguiling centinells,
 You added grieffe to grieffe, and cares to cares,
 Teares vnto weeping eies where teares did dwell:
 O multitudes of sin, legions of vice,
 Which thawes with sorrow sorrowes frozen ice.

A banquet was preparede, the fare, deceit,
 The dishes, poyson, and the cup despight,
 The table, mischief, and the cloth a bait,
 Like spinners web t'entrap the strange flies flight:
 Pleasure was strewd vpon the top of paine,
 Which once digested, spread through euery vaine.



Oh ill conductors of misguided feete,
Into a way of death, a path of guile,
Poore pilgrimes which their owne destruction meete,
In habitations of an vnknowne Ile:

Oh had they left that broad deceiuing way,
They had beene right and neuer gone astray.

But marke the punishment which did ensue,
Vpon those ill-misleading villanies,
They blinded were themselues with their selfe view,
And fell into their owne made miseries:

Seeking the entrance of their dwelling places,
With blinded eyes, and darke misguided faces.

Lo, here was snares ensnar'd, and guiles beguilde,
Deceit, deceiu'd, and mischief was mislead,
Eies blinded sight, and thoughts the hearts defilde,
Life liuing in aspects, was dying dead:

Ver. 17

Eyes thought for to misleade, and were mislead:
Feete went to make mis-treads, and did mis-treade.

At this proud fall the elements were glad,
And did embrace each other with a kisse,
All things were ioyfull which before were sad,
The pilgrimes in their way, and could not misse:
As when the sound of musick, doth resound
With changing tunes; so did the changed ground.

B b



The wisdom of Solomon

Ver. 18 The birds forsooke the ayre, the sheepe the fould,
 The Eagle pitched low, the swallow hie,
 The Nightingale did sleepe and vncontrould
 Forsoke the prickle of her natures eie:
 The seely worme was friends with all her foes,
 And suckt the dew-teares from the weeping rose.

The sparrow tunde the larkes sweet melody,
 The lark in silence sung a dirge of dole,
 The linnnet helpt the lark in malady
 The swans forsooke the quire of billow-roule:
 The drie-land foule, did make the sea their nest,
 The wet-sea fish did make the land their rest.

Verse 19 The swans the queristers which did complaine,
 In inward feeling of an outward losse,
 And filde the quire of waues with lauing paine,
 (Yet dauncing in their waile, with surges tosse:)
 Forsooke her cradle-billow-mountaine bed,
 And hies her vnto land there to be fed.

Her sea-fare now is land-fare of content,
 Olde change, is changed new yet all is change,
 The fishes are her food, and they are sent,
 Vnto drie land, to creep, to feed, to range:
 Now coolest water cannot quench the fire,
 But makes it proud in hottest hot desire.



The eu'ning of a day, is morne to night,
 The eu'ning of a night is morne to day,
 The one is *Phæbes* clime, which is pale-bright,
 The other *Phæbus*, in more light array:
 Shee makes the mountaines limp in chil-cold snowe
 Hee melts their eies and makes them weep for woe.

His beames ambassadors of his hot will,
 Through te transparent element of aire,
 Doth only his warme ambassage fulfill,
 And melts the icie iaw of *Phæbes* heyre:
 Yet those, though fire flames could not thaw cold,
 Nor breake the frosty glew of winters mould,

Here nature flue herselfe, or at the least
 Did tame the passage of her hot aspects,
 All things haue nature to be worst or best,
 And must encline to that, which she affects:
 But nature mist herselfe, in this same part,
 For shee was weake, and had not natures hart.

Tw as God which made her weake, and makes her
 Resisting vice, assisting righteousness, (strong,
 Assisting, and resisting, right, and wrong,
 Making this Epilogue in equallnes:
 Tw as God his peoples aide, their wisdomes friend,
 In whom I did begin, with whom I end.

A Ioue surgit opus: de Ioue finit opus.

